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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	341
CAN WE COUNT ON DOLLARS?	343
STALIN AND ALL THAT. By K. Zilliacus, M.P.	344
TWO VOICES. By Sagittarius	344
A DANISH DIARY. By Critic	345
THIS ENGLAND	345
WHO IS LOYAL TO AMERICA? By Henry Steele Commager	346
YESTERDAY IS TO-MORROW. By Hugh Massingham	347
THE STATE AND GAMBLING. By Woodrow Wyatt, M.P.	348
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Radio Notes. By Henry Reed	349
The Movies. By William Whitebait	349
THE STREET. By G. Rostrevor Hamilton	350
CORRESPONDENCE	350
From John Gild; Ernst Dannenberg; Mary Mair; Norman L. Stevens; Major D. R. Rollo; R. Gresham Cooke; D. E. Yates; Louis Marlow; and Grace Blyth.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Humphry House	353
REVIEWS:	
Mozart Studies. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	354
Five o'clock at Enna. By T. C. Worsley	354
Satire from the Left. By William Salter	355
New Novels. By Walter Allen	355
Brief Biographies. By Ralph Partridge	357
George Sand. By George D. Painter	357
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	358

RE-DEPLOYING FOREIGN POLICY

IN the analysis of our present troubles there is agreement on at least one point. In failing to plan reconstruction priorities we have attempted too much simultaneously, and have thereby strained our limited resources to breaking point. Sir Stafford Cripps's plan is expressly designed to ensure that the available coal and steel and timber shall in future be used in accordance with a clear system of priorities. There will be keen dispute about the detailed allocations and the methods of enforcement, but there is universal agreement, even among opponents of Socialism, on the need for the plan, if this country is to redress the balance of imports and exports and to pay its way.

But whereas the correct moral has been drawn from our domestic crisis, no one has yet applied the principle to foreign affairs. Yet here it is even more obvious that our reverses have been due to attempting too much. Mr. Bevin's series of diplomatic failures has been the inevitable result of his stubborn refusal to measure our foreign policy, not by the yardstick of prestige or ideology or tradition, but by our actual strength. After clinging to commitments month after month, he has been forced to abandon them by sheer economic necessity. As a result, a parade of strength has been transformed into an involuntary demonstration of weakness. He spent millions of pounds on the Greek and Turkish alliances: then he was forced by the fuel crisis to hand over to the Americans. After the Coalition Government had successfully wrested from the Americans the British Zone of Germany as a prize of war, and after the Foreign Secretary had drained the Exchequer in an effort to keep it going, he now finds that the Ruhr is not an asset but a liability which we cannot afford.

The same process is taking place in the Middle East. Palestine is to be evacuated, although a year ago it was constantly argued that no price was too high to pay for its retention as a military base to which our troops in Egypt should be transferred. The evacuation is undertaken not on its merits, as it could have been two years ago, but under dire economic necessity, and after our resources have been squandered in a "cold war" against the Jews. So, too, our troops are being withdrawn from Iraq, not as part of a Middle Eastern settlement along the lines of a purposive policy but in response to the domestic crisis. Lastly, Mr. Alexander, who for twelve months solemnly warned his critics that a reduction of our armed forces, to the size proposed by them, would jeopardise our whole security and undermine our foreign policy, now begins to accept their proposals, albeit piecemeal, and is indignant when he is accused of vacillation. Unfortunately the charge is justified. The present cuts, if announced in last year's White Paper on Defence, would have mitigated the crisis and so helped to preserve our strength and prestige. Announced now, in glaring contradiction with previous assurances, they become a surrender to circumstance instead of an act of prudence. A "strong" foreign policy which is bankrupted by events is far weaker than a moderate policy which proves itself within our means.

How much longer is this process of surrender to circumstance to continue? How many more times are we to be told that so-and-so is of vital interest and then to hear a few months later that it has been given up? The answer is clear enough. Our foreign policy and our defence policy will be weak and vacillating just so long as they are not grounded on a sober estimate of our resources; and Mr. Bevin's protestations of principle will be contradicted by his actions until they are made commensurate with our strength.

At long last Sir Stafford Cripps has been given the opportunity to plan our economic policy. He would be the first to admit that even his most drastic economies and the most unexpected rise in the level of exports will not suffice to bridge the gap. Next summer, on present reckoning, our gold reserve will be nearly exhausted and we shall be defenceless against American political pressure. If the short-term economic plan is not to be rendered futile within a few months it must be set in the framework of a realistic foreign policy, worked out in terms not of what the Cabinet desires but of what the country can do.

To-day we are taking the leading role in the anti-Russian political warfare at Lake Success; but simultaneously we have permitted our relations with America to deteriorate and have failed to achieve any basis of co-operation with our European neighbours. We are more heavily committed and more isolated than any time since the Boer War. In 1900 we were still rich enough to regard isolation as splendid: in 1947 it is a symptom of weakness and vacillation. As Sir Stafford Cripps emphasised in his speech on the state of the nation last July, no European country, including Britain, can stand alone and survive to-day. If we try to do so, with the hollow pretence that the Empire is a sufficient backing, we shall soon be compelled by bankruptcy to accept the role of satellite in a Western Bloc. Striving to cling to our imperial position, we should then have lost not only Empire but independence.

There is only one way of averting this drift into subservience—to accept our new status as an integral part of Europe and, together with our neighbours, to exploit the balance of power between East and West. Let others, who can afford to do so, waste their breath on ideological abuse and their resources on preparing for victory in the third world war. Our task should be more modest and more sane: to seek to prevent war spreading to Europe by ensuring that both sides would benefit by our independence. Fortunately for us, neither America nor Russia can hope to attack the other without acquiring Europe as a base of operations. By firmly denying it to both, we should reduce the risk of war and create the political conditions for European recovery without which both Marshall and Cripps plans will prove equally futile.

De Gaulle Proposes

Fortified by the knowledge that in the second round of the French municipal elections the anti-Communist majority had been swelled by electoral pacts between the Socialists and the Gaullist Rally, General de Gaulle has made his first move. In a peremptorily worded manifesto he demands that the "regime of confusion and divi-

sion which reduces the State to impotence" shall be ended by immediate dissolution of the present Chamber and general elections based on the system of "direct majority," as opposed to proportional representation. Provided that a two-thirds majority in the Chamber voted for this course, it is arguable that there would be no breach in the Constitution. This majority, however, can be obtained only if the bulk of the Centre—M.R.P. and Socialist—deputies vote for dissolution; and it is by no means certain that they are yet ready to do this. We go to press before the final result of the stormy debate on M. Ramadier's demand for a vote of confidence is known; but it is one thing to defeat the Government and another to persuade the Chamber to bring its life to an end. If M. Ramadier falls, there might be a repetition of *l'expériment Blum*, or even a broadly based Cabinet of ex-Premiers, as an alternative to the hazards of a general election. The real truth is that, though General de Gaulle may propose, it is really Mr. Secretary Marshall who disposes. Any government in France has the chance of at any rate a brief lease of life if it can secure dollar resources on a sufficient scale. The real question is whether the U.S. State Department wants to use the weapon of dollar diplomacy to force a de Gaullist Government on France, or is prepared to finance some sort of Centre government.

Green and Black International

While the Polish Socialists are taking the initiative in proposing that, as a counterpart to the Belgrade Cominform, a Socinform of Left-wing European Socialist Parties should be established, the former leader of the Polish Peasant Party appears to be the latest recruit for an embryo World Peasant International with headquarters in Washington and a branch in London. As we write, the whereabouts of Mr. Mikolajczyk are still unknown; but it appears to be an established fact that he left Poland last week without the formality of an exit visa, and that he is probably making his way to this country through Sweden. His departure from Poland (influenced, it may be, by the fate of Petkov and the impending trial of the Rumanian Peasant Leader, Mr. Maniu) has resulted in a decision to reconstitute the Peasant Party under Left-wing leadership. Irreconcilable Right-wing elements are likely to fix their attention on their lost leader's activities abroad. According to a statement given to the Associated Press by Mr. Wilk, his personal representative in London, Mr. Mikolajczyk intends to join the former Hungarian Premier, Ferenc Nagi, and Dr. Gavrilovic, former leader of the Serbian Peasant Party, in conducting an anti-Communist propaganda offensive through the projected World Peasant International. If this report is correct, the new International will merely stoke the fires of the "cold war" which is splitting the world in two. It is questionable how far such a body of *emigrés* can any longer claim to represent the real peasantry of Eastern Europe, but their ability to foster discontent among the richer farmers in rigidly planned economies should not be minimised. Moreover, their propaganda will doubtless be geared in with that of the Vatican. The International will be Black, as well as Green.

Duel in the Far East

The decision of the U.S. State Department to pigeon-hole the Report on China presented by General Wedemeyer, whose conclusions are believed to have been that further aid must be given quickly to the Kuomintang if the whole of Manchuria was not to be lost to the Communist-led Liberation Forces, suggests that Mr. Secretary Marshall is at present inclined to give first priority to financing extensions of the Truman Doctrine in Europe. With all Chiang Kai-shek's remaining garrisons in Manchuria now surrounded, and the Communist counter-offensive developing strongly both in the Yangtse Valley area and (more recently) in the Shantung peninsula, Washington may be coming round to the view that more dollars alone would not suffice to retrieve Kuomintang fortunes, and that Japan, rather than China, should be regarded as a more reliable American satellite in the Far East. It would, however, be premature to conclude that the U.S.A. has decided to give up completely the idea of having a "beach head" in Asia. Chiang Kai-shek is to receive a loan of 60 million dollars and 150 fighter aircraft from the Canadian Government—with the blessing presumably of the State Department; and Washington obviously regards the Russian proposal that all occupation troops should be withdrawn from both Northern and Southern Korea as mere propaganda. As a counter-move to the Russian proposal, the State Department has suggested, somewhat ingeniously, that occupation of Korea should be continued until general elections have been held under U.N. auspices and a democratic government for a united Korea set up.

Trouble in Kashmir

Whether Kashmir is linked finally with India or Pakistan, it is clear that the days of absolute rule by Sir Hari Singh are over. The Hindu Maharajah has long been unpopular with the majority of his subjects, both those who support the Congress Party and those whose allegiance is to the Moslem League. Before the Moslem League became a serious factor in Indian politics, Sheikh Abdullah, leader of the Kashmir National Conference Party (pro-Congress), had already obtained much backing for his demands for constitutional rule. As three-quarters of the three-million population are Moslem, it was inevitable that much of his support would shift to the Moslem League when Pakistan became a reality, particularly as all land communications with India must pass through this Dominion. This has now happened; and in the face of raids across the border by North-West Frontier tribesmen, aided by Moslem Leaguers from Pakistan, together, apparently, with a number of Pakistani troops, the Maharajah has been forced to call for help from Delhi to repel the invaders and to quell his dissident subjects. To obtain this help, and so retain a semblance of his authority, he has been obliged, as a first step, to accede to the Indian Union, and as a second, to accept Sheikh Abdullah, the old enemy he has imprisoned in the past, as *de facto* head of an interim Government. The danger in the course taken by the Indian Government in sending Sikh troops by air to Kashmir is that, in the process of protecting the Maharajah, the Sikhs may come into conflict with elements of Pakistan armed forces. If, however, Pakistan is scrupulous to ensure that no soldiers under her control are allowed to participate in the troubles, and that none of her arms are supplied to the raiders, this may be avoided. Fortunately, with the precedent of Junagadh before them, the Indian Government have insisted that, once order is restored, the question of ultimate accession to India or Pakistan must be settled by a plebiscite of the whole people. In the case of Junagadh, a small Hindu State with a Moslem ruler, which recently tried to accede to Pakistan, although separated from it by some hundreds of miles, the Indian Government protested and demanded a plebiscite. Kashmir is much the same situation in reverse, and a similar solution is required. Pakistan would now be well advised to stand aside and allow order to be re-established and then to await the outcome of the plebiscite with some confidence. There is nothing to be gained by trying to force an issue by violent agitation which can be resolved by the peaceful means of the ballot box.

The Burma Independence Bill

The Bill for the Independence of Burma contains nothing of any importance, apart from fixing Independence Day as January 6th, 1948, and settling various problems of nationality. It is the Treaty that goes with it which is significant. The Defence agreement, which owes much to the work done by Mr. John Freeman during his visit to Burma last August, is remarkable for the advantages it gives to both countries. Britain is to supply a naval, military and air force mission to Burma, mainly for training purposes. In addition, personnel of the Burma Force will obtain vacancies in military training establishments in this country and elsewhere. This, in effect, will mean a close link between Burma and Britain in matters of Commonwealth defence. Burma also gets substantial assistance in the maintenance of three airfields and the gift of a number of minor naval craft. While these arrangements are in operation—and they will in the first instance last three years with option to continue afterwards—Burma will give all necessary facilities to Britain in any need that she may have to bring help and support to Burma or any part of the Commonwealth. In the commercial field Burma has agreed not to take any action which might adversely affect British business interests in the period before a commercial Treaty is concluded between the two countries. There are no reservations on the question of the payment of pensions to former British officials in Burma, and altogether the provisions of the Treaty denote a most cordial relationship. With this as a basis, there should be no difficulty, and certainly no acrimony, in settling any of the matters still outstanding.

American Liberalism

We are glad this week to reprint, in only slightly shortened form, a remarkable article which originally appeared in Harper's Magazine, entitled, *Who is Loyal to America?* Its author, Professor Commager, who is now Visiting Professor at Cambridge University, was one of those who bravely protested against the orgy of un-American Red-baiting which swept the United States after the last war. Today he is again a leader of American liberalism, proving eloquently and unanswerably that it is the Committee on Un-American activities which is disloyal to the fundamental liberties guaranteed in the American Constitution. Before very long—if Russian propaganda permits—we may see a revival of liberalism in the United States. Even with the Russians doing their worst, there are already some signs of reaction against the monstrous absurdities of the Hollywood investigation now proceeding in Washington. Thoughtful Americans are shocked at the totally unjudicial behaviour of this Committee, which, on the basis of prejudiced tittle-tattle, treats American citizens as proven criminals, though no charge of illegal activity has or could be made against them. The energetic protests from well-known Hollywood figures are at last awakening America to the threat to their liberties involved in this fantastic inquiry. The Committee on Un-American Activities is now getting a bad press, and there must be thousands of highly respectable American citizens in many walks of life who are wondering how far they are safe, if any Adolphe Menjou may be called to the witness-box to make slanderous statements about anyone whose past or political opinions he dislikes.

IN PARLIAMENT: A Vote of Censure

Wednesday.

For the first time in this Parliament the debate on the King's Speech has developed into a real vote of censure on the Government. The preliminary fencing of Mr. Eden and Mr. Attlee was soon forgotten. Both failed to catch the troubled and resentful mood of this House of Commons, which wants a diet of stronger meat than either can provide. Stafford Cripps on the other hand was listened to with awed attention. The recess has only increased the reputation which he earned by his speech on the state of the nation last July. Speaking for the first time as Minister of Economics, he repeated that triumph. Some Members, during his peroration, felt that they were "getting a little tired of the people with private lines or public-private lines to God." This was the

comment of Dick Stokes (R.C.), who doubtless believes that Cripps has the wrong number. But what mattered was Cripps's mastery of the subject and of the House. Here at last was the planning for which Socialists had asked for two long years; and a Minister who knew his mind and had the will to enforce it. Stafford Cripps now stands above the ruck of party polemics. The only doubt is whether he can find time, in the harassment of day-by-day expedients, to work out a long-term policy which makes sense of the sacrifices he now demands.

Friday's debate on finance was unexciting. The expected attack on the Chancellor's record was surprisingly ineffective. Clem Davies and Maxwell Fyfe tried to drive a wedge between Cripps and Dalton, whom they have selected as the man to follow Shinwell into the wilderness. The Chancellor, fully recovered from his depression of last July, had not much difficulty in defending himself. His detailed historical survey was no doubt "for the record," and he is obviously reserving himself for the real test of the autumn Budget. He should take warning from the speeches of John Parker and Ronald Chamberlain that deflation without a capital levy will be quite unacceptable to a large section of the Labour back benchers.

Monday's discussions on Germany and the Home Fleet were a digression from the main flow of the argument. The German debate was quite first-rate. John Hynd opened with a speech so good that his friends could only regret that he had not resigned to make it a year ago. Nigel Birch, who has an excellent Parliamentary style, demonstrated once again how entirely the able young Tories have accepted the American view that the Germans are the best allies against Russians. When his arguments were repeated by Dick Law, Ernest Bevin was able to remind him with devastating effect of the views which he held in the Coalition Government. The Foreign Secretary spoke with welcome statesmanship; and, though he was unable to allay all alarm about dismantling, he did display a wise opposition to any idea of rebuilding a powerful Germany at the cost of Europe. Incidentally, he revealed that the Morgenthau Plan, initialled by Churchill at Quebec, was not approved by the Cabinet. To everyone's surprise, Mr. Eden added a quiet "It was not."

Next came the Tory attack on the reduction in the size of the Home Fleet. J. L. Thomas and Head opened confidently enough with the usual massive list of questions. A dull debate was enlivened by a passionate appeal by Raymond Blackburn for rearmament against the "Cominform murderers" and a succinct defence of the cuts by Shackleton. Geoffrey Bing tried to cram a pamphlet into a quarter of an hour. Winding up, the Minister of Defence waged his usual war on two fronts. To the Tories he boasted that he had kept far more men under arms than Mr. Churchill after the first world war. To his Socialist critics he revealed that he had now accepted all their arguments in favour of cuts which he has been rebutting for the last twelve months.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the big Party guns fired their first salvoes of the session. Mr. Churchill was in tremendous form, though the content of his speech would have been more appropriate in the mouth of a Republican Senator addressing Middle Western Rotarians on his return from Europe. His most deadly sally was reserved for the luckless Gaitskell (must every Minister of Fuel and Power learn the hard way about the danger of impromptu witticisms?) But when Churchill rumbustiously announced his election slogan, "Free the People," it was noteworthy that his supporters applauded feebly and with embarrassment. Herbert Morrison's reply to this carefully prepared harangue was entirely impromptu—and all the more effective for that. Relieved of planning distractions, he is again a real Leader of the House. But, like other Government speakers, he could give no indication of any long-term policy, and was rightly pressed on this point by Mackay, Michael Foot and Shawcross, who all made constructive speeches.

Even before Wednesday's debate, it is clear that this vote of censure has united Government supporters more than the Opposition. Britain's greatest Parliamentarian is still Labour's best electoral asset.

PHINEAS.

CAN WE COUNT ON DOLLARS?

"WE intend," said Sir Stafford Cripps in his momentous speech on the crisis, "to rely mainly on our own resources." But he was able to offer no better hope than that, if all goes as well as a series of rather optimistic forecasts requires, the British dollar deficit will be running by the end of next year at an annual rate of £250 millions. That would be, of course, a big improvement on the recent position, when the rate was over £700 millions; but by the end of next year it can be taken as certain that, in the absence of further American help, our gold and dollar resources will be down to the absolute minimum necessary for meeting the claims of the sterling area, and we shall have no further convertible resources out of which dollar payments can be met.

In plain English, Sir Stafford clearly intended to imply, Britain's problem is insoluble without a severe cut in standards of living, unless we can get hold of more borrowed dollars. He clearly does not share the opinion, which Mr. Zilliacus, M.P., voices on the next page, that dollar supplies can be replaced, to a substantial extent, by supplies from Eastern Europe; and the expansion of our own agricultural output is bound to be slow, even if the man-power difficulties can be overcome. He is, in fact, waiting on further American aid, to be given either directly to Great Britain or to other countries on terms which will enable us to earn more dollars by supplying them and to use these dollars for the purchase of essential goods from the Western Hemisphere.

The Cripps speech brought home, much more clearly than anything that had been said before, the extreme gravity of Great Britain's international position. It also conveyed the impression that the problem is at last being courageously and realistically handled; and that is much. It may not be within our power to meet our difficulties without severe hardship; but at any rate we are now conscious of this and making every effort that is open to us to get straight. We can face the Americans with a clear conscience about the present; and, if they throw the past in our teeth by accusing us of having improvidently used up the loan they made us, we can fairly answer that they attached to it conditions which made it practically impossible for us to behave in any other way. We could have avoided "squandering" the loan only if we had been left free to make arrangements for the development of alternative sources of supply, without having either convertibility or the pledges not to "discriminate" tied round our necks.

The terrible danger is that, in handling the world dollar crisis that has now developed, the Americans may decide, on quite plausible grounds, in favour of some form of action that will mean further disaster for us and will make nonsense of all Sir Stafford's estimates of the effect of the measures on which we have now embarked. There are in particular two ideas now being actively canvassed in the United States, action upon either of which would have an appallingly adverse effect on our prospects. One of them is the proposal that Lend-Lease should be revived in a form which would mean that the Americans would send supplies without payment to the European countries requiring aid in return for unpaid-for supplies of their own exportable products—especially raw materials. This, though it might benefit the countries which were given large-scale aid, would involve the destruction of their capacity to earn dollars and therefore of their ability to pay in dollars or in convertible currency for supplies from Great Britain or from any other country. From our point of view, it would thus not help our dollar position to export to Europe; our dollar deficit would become larger than ever. The other proposal, that the Americans should not make monetary loans to Europe, but should supply goods instead, without any immediate payment in return, would have the merit of leaving the recipients unaffected by any further price increases in the dollar area, but from our point of view would also put serious obstacles in the way of our earning dollars by trading with Europe, and would leave us very badly off unless we were direct recipients of American aid on a scale that seems quite improbable.

It is very much to our interest—and we think to the world's, too—that American aid to Europe shall come in a shape that will further the development of multilateral trade relations, though it will need to leave the door open for bilateral agreements as well. After all, many Americans do not want to go on indefinitely pouring out financial or real aid to Europe on one-sided terms, even if they can use such aid as a means to hitching the beneficiaries on behind the anti-Communist band-wagon. They want Europe to be able again, as soon as possible, to stand on its own feet; and they have been hitherto insistent that an essential step towards this is the resumption of multilateral trading over the widest possible area. Surely they must realise that this can be achieved only by ending the dollar scarcity, and not by continuing to send relief supplies under conditions which will relieve the scarcity only for the recipient countries, at the cost of making it worse than ever for everyone else.

It was implied in Sir Stafford's speech, though it was not said in so many words, that we are framing our policy in the hope of further substantial American aid before the end of next year. Unless this is forthcoming, in one way or another, we shall have neither enough food to keep up our efficiency at its present level, nor any means of improving it by the new capital investment which is urgently needed. The proposed cuts in capital investment and inroads on working stocks make sense only on the assumption that they are strictly temporary measures; for they are both bound to react adversely in efficiency and to prevent us from taking the steps to improve productivity which we must take before we can hope to retrieve our economic disasters. If we did not look for further American help, it would be indispensable to make *at once* cuts in food rations on a scale utterly different from those we are at present led to expect, and at the same time to intensify, instead of reducing, investment, as the sole means of putting ourselves right in the long run. If these things are not proposed by the Government, it is evidently because hope in the Marshall Plan, or in something arising out of it, is still so much alive as to be an assumption of all our current planning.

Should this hope fail, our prospects for a number of years ahead are grim indeed; and it is well that the full grimness of them should be generally understood. In the long run, there would be no reason in the nature of things why we should not pull round; but in the meantime (and for how long who knows?) we should have to live as the Germans are living—at a standard defended only by those who regard it as a fitting punishment for national crime. It is true that it will help us if the Americans, even though they may be unforthcoming in direct aid to Great Britain, are generous in helping others—at all events, provided that their help takes a form which allows us to earn dollars by helping to supply Europe's needs. If it takes some form which does not allow this, the outlook for us is black indeed. It is in any case black enough; for at the best we shall have for some years both to export many goods which we urgently need at home and, in doing so, to postpone much-needed investment in our own agriculture and our own industries—investment without which healthy recovery cannot be brought about.

Our dilemma is clear. Unless we are prepared both to tighten our belts several notches further and to plan our economy on much more "totalitarian" lines than the Government has so far envisaged, we cannot do without more American

help, in some form. But equally we cannot afford to take help on conditions that will again prevent us, as the terms of the 1946 loan did, from managing our international trading relations as best we can, with the object of buying where we can best hope to be able to pay. The great question is—Will the Americans now understand this dilemma, which is not only ours but Western Europe's, too, and accommodate their policies to it? And will the countries of "Marshall Plan" Europe have sense enough to see that their common problems are insoluble unless, *vis à vis* America, they work together on the basis of an agreed, long-term European plan?

STALIN AND ALL THAT

THE visit of the eight Labour M.P.s (Arthur Allen, Geoffrey Bing, A. J. Champion, Fred Lee, Ben Parkin, George Thomas, Henry White and the writer) to Generalissimo Stalin at his summer residence in Sochi was the climax of a journey that lasted from September 25 to October 21 and covered Czechoslovakia, Poland, Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union. It confirmed and clarified what we had learned in all these countries.

The most significant part of the visit was that it took place at all: it is not usual for Stalin to receive foreign visitors and, so far as I know, this is the first time on record that he has received any visitors at his villa in the foothills of the Caucasus overlooking the Black Sea. Moreover, our two hours' talk with Stalin followed upon a three hours' conversation with Molotov; and both talks were as frank as they were friendly. I think Alexander Werth hit the nail on the head when he told us in Moscow: "Why do you chaps think that Molotov gives up three hours of his time to a group of back-bench Labour M.P.s? Because the Soviet Government have not given up Labour Britain as a bad job."

That, I think, is the point. For we made it perfectly clear to all and sundry that we were in no sense an official delegation, did not represent any group or organisation either in or out of Parliament, and had no mandate or authority of any kind. Our only claim to attention was that we were a fairly representative cross-section of the Parliamentary Labour Party, covering a wide range of opinions and including a strong trade union majority. It was on this basis that we were received not only in the Soviet Union but in the three leading East European countries we visited. We were welcomed as friends to whom all doors were open and whom everyone, from Presidents and Prime Ministers down to the workers in the factories and, literally, the man in the street, were glad to see. The last thing we could complain of was anyone trying to be cagey or to "hold out on us."

I do not think any of us felt any doubt as to the genuineness of Stalin's statement to us that he wanted friendship and co-operation between the two countries, based on the conclusion of a commercial treaty and on a revised and strengthened Anglo-Soviet Alliance. He was emphatic on the point that, in the eyes of the Soviet Government, it was not a question of Britain choosing between East and West; for he fully understood that we are a Power that must trade with all the world, and that in particular it is vitally important to us to have close economic and political relations with the U.S.A. But the Russians could see no reason why it would not be in our interest, as well as to theirs, to correct our otherwise one-sided relationship with the U.S.A. by also establishing good trade and political relations with Eastern Europe, including the Soviet Union.

This attitude makes sense. For, as national planners, Ministers of Trade and others pointed out to us throughout our journey: (a) The largely agricultural economies of Eastern Europe are the natural complement of industrial Britain, for they want to export food and raw materials and will, in return, take all the machinery and manufactures we can produce. (b) They have planned economies which aim at raising the levels of agricultural as well as industrial productivity and the standards of living of their peoples. That means they can steadily expand their output of the goods we want, and take in return ever increasing quantities of our exports. (c) These planned economies are independent of the vagaries of American capitalism—they would welcome and could go ahead faster with American loans, but they can do and are doing without them. Therefore, by doing a considerable part of our trade with them we should not only find it easier to pull ourselves out of the crisis but be partly insulated against the shock of another American slump.

Stalin and Molotov repeated what we heard in all the countries visited: these countries were expected by Great Britain to specify in trade agreements the goods they could deliver, in what quantities and at what dates. They accepted this condition, for they had Socialist-planned economies. But they wanted reciprocity. They complained that, when they put this point to our Government, the reply of the Board of Trade always was: "Sorry, but we don't work like that. Here is a list of our manufacturers—go around the country, negotiate with them and see what they will do for you."

Another point made by the trade and planning authorities in these countries is that our Government seems to be thinking in terms of what they described as "narrow and old-fashioned" trade treaties, whereas they would like broader and more comprehensive long-term arrangements, based on co-ordinating our respective national plans so as to match and dovetail our production targets and export programmes over a series of years.

Ultimately, as a high Polish authority put it to me, "It is a question who eats more—the Pole or the Englishman. We can tell our people to forego expected benefits in the way of food and to make a very special effort if we tell them precisely what we shall receive in return from Britain, and how the two of us are working together to our mutual advantage." He added that there was no reason for confining this co-ordination of national plans to bi-lateral agreements. On the contrary, such agreements should as rapidly as possible be expanded into regional multi-lateral arrangements. The Russians were not so specific, but talked along the same lines, as did the Czechs and the Yugoslavs.

To come down to concrete points: the Poles supplied us with 30 million eggs this year and say they could go up to 50 million next year. With normal crops they could also produce sugar, wheat, and are starting to produce bacon for export. Yugoslavia could deliver 40 or 50 thousand tons of maize this season and hopes to do very much better next year, as well as exporting some wheat and ham or bacon. Czechoslovakia has had a disastrous drought this year but could normally export some sugar. The Russians still stand by their offer of a million tons of cereals this year, 1½ million tons next year and two million tons for each of the two years following, not to mention a quarter of a million cases of tinned fish, crab, etc., with more to follow. All these countries could produce timber. Yugoslavia could sell us quite a lot of tobacco this year (so, I believe, could Bulgaria) to make up for the American tobacco we are foregoing.

The price for working with these countries, however, is to mean business with our Socialist policy at home, to the extent where we can produce and guarantee delivery of the industrial exports required in exchange for the produce of these countries. And, of course, if we are to work together as Socialist-planned economies, there must be a measure of political confidence and goodwill. This raises the question of Labour's attitude to the Communist Parties of Europe.

What Stalin had to say about the Cominform was, I believe, true—namely, that it was in no sense a revival of the Comintern but an act of self-defence and mutual aid by the Communist Parties of certain countries where they had great responsibilities. The truth is that the Communist Parties in Eastern Europe and, I should say, in France and Italy are very different from the Soviet or, for that matter, other European Communist Parties in the early '20s. Latter-day Communist Parties are parties of government not of revolution, although they may be forced into revolutionary self-defence in France and Italy, if the government of those countries is conducted on the assumption that it is legitimate to receive American money in consideration of the permanent rule of the Right and the exclusion from any share in power of the representatives of the trade unions and the working class. But, if so, that defence will be shared in Italy by the overwhelming majority of the Socialist Party and in France by those Socialists who prefer standing by the workers to rallying to de Gaulle and his programme—strong government, a revival of private enterprise and readiness to hold France at the disposal of the United States in a war against the Soviet Union.

Those who talk of the powerful and mature Communist Parties in Europe to-day in terms of the strategy and tactics of Lenin in 1917 are quite ludicrously out of date. For instance, the Czechoslovak and Polish Communist Parties both contain many Catholics, the former even Catholic priests. One of the leading Polish Communists explained to me that in Poland it was possible to achieve the transition from capitalism to Socialism without passing through the dictatorship of the proletariat. That doctrine was also expounded by a leading Czech Communist. It makes sense in terms of the Marxist social analysis: as the whole Fascist machinery of State collapsed in the moment of victory, taking with it into oblivion the civil servants, judges, teachers, police and Army it had fashioned, and as the landowners and big-business men associated with the old regimes also disappeared, and the levers of economic power fell into the hands of the victorious Resistance movements and their political allies, there was no reason at all why Socialism should not be established by peaceful and democratic methods.

But on all hands we found alarm at the growing talk of war in the United States, at American war preparations and at what are regarded as American aggressive policies in Western Germany, in Greece, etc. As Dr. Frankowski, a Catholic Independent member of the Polish Parliament, told us (and he asked us to quote him): "If you people in the West are really interested in helping us here to develop a liberal, Christian civilisation, then please realise that the best contribution you can make is to end your quarrel with the Soviet Union." Peace and trade, he said, were the only conditions in which democracy and freedom could flourish. As for the Communists, in theory, he remarked, the Communist and Catholic ideologies were like fire and water. But in practice the Catholics and Communists were finding it quite possible to achieve human accommodations and compromise. He said there was no such thing as religious persecution in Poland, and that he got on excellently both personally and politically with all his colleagues in the SEJM, from Mikolajczyk to the Communists inclusive.

K. ZILLIACUS

TWO VOICES

"I wish our country could refresh its heart with a deep draught of Christianity."—Sir Stafford Cripps, Oct. 24th.

"Is not . . . raising a Constitutional issue . . . a major Government mistake?"—The Archbishop of Canterbury, Oct. 23.

Two voices round the Gracious Speech—
The State adopts the Church's mission,
The Minister inclines to preach,
The Primate speaks as politician.

Now pulpits may their guidance lend
To aid or hinder legislation,
While statesmen sanctify their end
By truly Christian resignation.

SAGITTARIUS

A DANISH DIARY

It is ten years since I last saw the spire of the Dragon-with-the-Twisted Tails, the prettiest of great harbours, the fishmarket and the silversmiths' shops, and enjoyed the splendid hospitality and gaiety of Copenhagen. I was there to give a lecture and I took the opportunity of seeing politicians and journalists. Copenhagen was not materially damaged in the war; rebuilding has even begun on the Gestapo headquarters that was destroyed by perhaps the most accurately aimed bomb dropped by the R.A.F. during the war. In Copenhagen now one has to give up coupons for every restaurant meal, and for most things one buys in the shops. But if Denmark is no longer actually flowing with milk and honey, it is at least a land of unlimited eggs and cheese. As one of the few large capital cities to survive intact, Copenhagen has a flourishing cultural life. I noticed only two substantial changes. The first was an underlying antagonism between Resistance leaders (who did a bigger and braver job than is usually recognised abroad) and some who were quite unnecessarily ready to collaborate with the Germans. The second novelty was the continuous criticism of Britain. I do not suggest the Danes are any less friendly to Britain than they were, but they are disturbed—pained, I should say, rather than angry. The first cause of complaint is that the British have settled some 300,000 refugees from Eastern Germany in South Schleswig, and the second that we have refused to pay them the price they think reasonable for their food.

* * *

Tuesday's election in Denmark followed from some remarks made by the Prime Minister about the return of South Schleswig to Denmark. They lost him the support of the Radical group on whom his majority depended. The British are in the centre of the picture because they hold out no hopes—how can they?—of finding anywhere else to put the 300,000 refugees from Eastern Germany. Though the full correspondence between the Danes and the British has not yet been published, it is quite clear that the British ask the Danes finally to make up their minds whether they want to incorporate any of South Schleswig into Denmark or not. Now some Danes, including, officially, the Social Democrats, the Radical party and the Communists, want Denmark to renounce any claim to incorporate this territory. The Danish minority there is very small, and they want no German Trojan horse in Denmark. Apart from the refugees, there are about 300,000 Schleswigers, who showed a high proportion of Nazi supporters before the war. The Conservatives and the Farmers' Party, who are now in office, take a different line. They are more inclined to believe in the sincerity of those Schleswigers who ask to join Denmark, and they hold that, after a period of years in which pro-Danish propaganda is allowed, a majority of inhabitants of South Schleswig might be ready honestly to accept Danish citizenship. There is a strong tinge of old-fashioned nationalism in their attitude. After all, the Danes, who once conquered England and much of the world, have now lost almost all their overseas possessions; they sold the Virgin Islands; have agreed to Icelandic separation; lost Schleswig-Holstein to the Germans; and now very much fear that the Americans intend to take Greenland from them. They would like a bit of their own back from the Germans.

* * *

To me it seemed that the whole issue was academic. For two reasons. First, it is comic to argue or vote about any European frontier twenty-five years hence, and no one suggests that Denmark should incorporate Schleswig sooner than that. Secondly, the British have clearly no plans for removing the refugees, and unless they are moved no Dane is foolish enough to want to incorporate South Schleswig—though a few urge that it should be an independent State. The most nationalistic Dane would risk accepting 300,000 Schleswigers, many of whom now say they want to be Danes, but—600,000 Germans in Denmark! Not on your life!

* * *

I usually prefaced discussion about the food negotiations by pointing out that Mr. Strachey, always under fire for not giving us enough to eat, had, politically and personally, everything to gain by bringing home the bacon. I found the Danes ready enough to admit that the British Government might have difficulty with the Dominions if it agreed to pay 75 per cent more for Danish produce than we paid to New Zealand or Canada; we have always paid more for the special products of Denmark, but not nearly so much more. They readily admit that they owe us about 35 million pounds, but point out that their capacity to pay their debts depends on how much they sell, especially to Britain. One Dane in an official position also admitted that the farmers who conducted the negotiations for Denmark might not be the best negotiators. "They know about the other factors," he said, "but when they get down to it they are apt to concentrate wholly on the price of pigs." On the other hand, Danes point out that, whereas we can subsidise our prices from our other exports, Denmark, depending wholly on its food exports, is in no position, as one politician put it to me, "to pin a 10-kronen note on the back of every fat pig." Their prices are the prices that their farmers, unsubsidised, must receive; they could come down a bit in negotiation, no doubt, but not to our figure.

* * *

Is there a way out of this seeming impasse? I think there is. The crux lies at a point that also helped to wreck our trade negotiations with the U.S.S.R. We are attempting bulk purchase at an agreed price, while our own export prices are left to the free market. Thus the Danes, who buy so many of their imports from us, do not know what they will have to pay for our produce; they would be more likely to come down in their prices if they were sure ours would not rise. In the deal they have completed with the Russians they received their full price, knowing that they would be paying a high price to the U.S.S.R. If we could spare them a little coal at a reasonable price there would be no difficulty in reaching agreement. Even without coal, renewed negotiations may succeed if they cover the whole trade relations between Britain and Denmark. It will be a thousand pities if they do not. We want all the food we can get, while the Danes, as an official said to me, "want to do nothing to diminish the close understanding and large trade between our countries. Our people know and trust each other. They can fix anything up on the telephone between London and Copenhagen without even the formalities of proper contracts. That's the kind of business we like."

* * *

One silly misunderstanding should be put right at once. Mr. Strachey is, of course, perfectly right in saying that the Danish-Russian agreement was unrelated to the failure of our trade talks. The Russians are not at present even buying as much from Denmark as they did last year; their deal has not encroached on the amount available for us to buy. Sooner or later, of course, the Danes would have to seek other markets, but that point has not yet been reached. I thought Mr. Strachey unwise in suggesting in the House that the Danish Government was to blame for this suggestion that our food was running away to Russia; I heard on the best authority that the mischief arose from a sensational press agency report.

* * *

I passed the usual sites of Elsinore and Frederiksborg, and caught a glimpse of admirably equipped and model experimental farms. But I was much more interested in calling at a small and typical dairy farmstead. The house and the stables are built neatly all in one piece. They are exactly suited to the needs of the farmer and his animals. Six cows were contentedly munching swedes (lacking oilcake); three horses, of which the farmer and his son, who ran the whole farm themselves, were immensely proud, were in another stable, and opposite them were three pigs. Here began the farmer's distress. He usually kept twenty pigs; now he was reduced to three. Why? There was the drought, which was the most important single factor in Europe in 1947; the consequent lack of grain and of skimmed milk which used to be responsible for the supreme quality of Danish bacon and which is now consumed in the towns. He cheered up, however, when he talked of his poultry. This, he agreed, was really profitable, and I thought as he said it of the jolly sight of unlimited eggs in the shops and of the hotel dining-room in which, every night at dinner, I stared fascinated at the long spit on which slowly revolved an apparently endless supply of roasting fowls.

* * *

At pre-war Labour Party conferences I used first to seek out Susan Lawrence. She usually sat by herself, selecting a corner from which there was a good view of her colleagues. She managed to combine passionate loyalty with detached and caustic comment. Indeed, one of her fascinations was the blend of a highly trained masculine intellect of the Webbian-Fabian type with an emotional, almost sentimental and I.L.P.-ish, faith in the Labour movement as such. She had a splendid record as a scientific social reformer, and it was her grasp of devastating facts and unanswerable arguments during the debates on Chamberlain's De-Rating Bill that earned her her post as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health in the MacDonald Government of 1929. She was a remarkable figure there: gaunt, and handsome and formidable. Some of the Tories, who did not like being very effectively told off by a woman on the Treasury Bench, used to refer to her in the lobbies as the "virago intacta." But she won through her efficiency and obvious integrity. Having said that, I doubt if it was her efficiency that led people to change their minds about her. I think it was rather the discovery that she had a delightful sense of humour and was, when you got to know her, as soft-hearted as she was hard-headed. She was excellent company and one of the most lovable of human beings.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to D. Spector.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Lavatories, he said, would produce revenue. Cemeteries used to produce revenue but did not seem to produce so much now. He thought that priority could be given to lavatories.—Report of Town Council Meeting in *Worthing Herald*.

Sent for trial on a charge of burglary to which he pleaded guilty — offered to pay for private transport to Brixton prison. He complained that there was not enough room in the police van.—Report in *Star*.

The cow-keeping mentality, which merely used an animal as a machine, had a bad influence on the whole breeding of the country. He thought it was the right of every worth-while cow to be kept breeding.—Report in *Uttoxeter Advertiser and Ashbourne Times*.

For the purposes of this Order, the time at which a person attains the relevant age shall be deemed to be, according to the law in force elsewhere than in Scotland as well as according to the law in force in Scotland, the commencement of the relevant anniversary of the date of his birth.—*S.R.O.* 2021 (*Control of Engagements*), 1147.

WHO IS LOYAL TO AMERICA?

(This article, originally published in Harper's Magazine, was designed for an American audience familiar with the situation to which it is addressed. While it would be a mistake to discount the significance of the current "loyalty" drive, it would be a no less unfortunate error to exaggerate it. The United States is in the grip neither of reaction nor of Fascism, and the present "purge" is not comparable to those which afflicted Russia and other totalitarian States before the war. The protest against current Red-baiting is strong and effective; and the situation has by no means deteriorated to that which obtained during the Red hysteria of 1919 and 1920.—H. S. C.)

ON May 6 last a Russian-born girl, Mrs. Shura Lewis, gave a talk about Russia to the students of the Western High School of Washington, D.C. Mrs. Lewis said nothing that had not been said a thousand times, in speeches, in newspapers, magazines and books. She said nothing that any normal person could find objectionable.

Her speech, however, created a sensation. A few students walked out on it. Others improvised placards proclaiming their devotion to Americanism. Indignant mothers telephoned their protests. Newspapers took a strong stand against the outrage. Congress, rarely concerned for the political or economic welfare of the citizens of the capital city, reacted sharply when its intellectual welfare was at stake. Congressmen Rankin and Dirksen thundered and lightened; the District of Columbia Committee went into a huddle; there were demands for housecleaning in the whole school system, which was obviously shot through and through with Communism.

Merely by talking about Russia Mrs. Lewis was thought to be attacking Americanism. It is indicative of the seriousness of the situation that during this same week the House found it necessary to take time out from the discussion of the Labour Bill, the Tax Bill, the International Trade Organisation, and the world famine, to meet assaults upon Americanism from a new quarter. This time it was the artists who were undermining the American system, and members of the House spent some hours passing around reproductions of the paintings which the State Department had sent abroad as part of its programme for advertising American culture.

What was wrong with these paintings, it shortly appeared, was that they were un-American. The copious files of the Committee on Un-American Activities were levied upon to prove that of the forty-five artists represented "no fewer than twenty were definitely New Deal in various shades of Communism." The damning facts are specified for each of the pernicious twenty; we can content ourselves with the first of them, Ben-Zion. What is the evidence here? "Ben-Zion was one of the signers of a letter sent to President Roosevelt by the United American Artists, which urged help to the U.S.S.R. and Britain after Hitler attacked Russia." He was, in short, a fellow-traveller of Churchill and Roosevelt.

The same day that Mr. Dirksen was denouncing the Washington school authorities for allowing students to hear about Russia, Representative Williams, of Mississippi, rose to denounce the *Survey-Graphic* magazine. The *Survey-Graphic*, he said, "contained 129 pages of outrageously vile and nauseating anti-Southern, anti-Christian, un-American, and pro-Communist tripe, ostensibly directed toward the elimination of the custom of racial segregation in the South." It was written by "meddling un-American purveyors of hate and indecency."

All in all, it was a busy week for the House. Yet those who make a practice of reading their *Record* will agree that it was a typical week. For increasingly Congress is concerned with the eradication of disloyalty and the defence of Americanism, and scarcely a day passes that some Congressman does not treat us to exhortations and admonitions, impassioned appeals and eloquent declamations. And scarcely a day passes that the outlines of the new loyalty and the new Americanism are not etched more sharply in public policy.

This is what is significant—the emergence of new patterns of Americanism and of loyalty, patterns radically different from those which have long been traditional. It is not only the Congress that is busy designing the new patterns. They are outlined in President Truman's recent disloyalty order; in similar orders formulated by the New York City Council and by State and local authorities throughout the country; in the programmes of the D.A.R., the American Legion, and similar patriotic organisations; in the editorials of the Hearst and the McCormick-Patterson papers; and in an elaborate series of advertisements sponsored by large corporations and business organisations. In the making is a revival of the Red hysteria of the early 1920s, one of the shabbiest chapters in the history of American democracy; and more than a revival, for the new crusade is designed not merely to frustrate Communism but to formulate a positive definition of Americanism, and a positive concept of loyalty.

What is the new loyalty? It is, above all, conformity. It is the uncritical and unquestioning acceptance of America as it is—the political institutions, the social relationships, the economic practices. It rejects inquiry into the race question or socialised medicine, or public housing. It regards as particularly heinous any challenge to what is called "the system of private enterprise," identifying that system with Americanism. It abandons evolution, repudiates the once popular concept of progress, and regards America as a finished product, perfect and complete.

It is, it must be added, easily satisfied. For it wants not intellectual conviction nor spiritual conquest, but mere outward conformity. In matters of loyalty it takes the word for the deed, the gesture for the principle. It is content with the flag salute, and does not pause to consider the warning of our Supreme Court that "a person gets from a symbol the meaning he puts into it, and what is one man's comfort and inspiration is another's jest and scorn." It is satisfied with membership in respectable organisations and, as it assumes that every member of a liberal organisation is a Communist, concludes that every member of a conservative one is a true American. It has not yet learned that not everyone who saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven. It is designed neither to discover real disloyalty nor to foster true loyalty.

What is wrong with this new concept of loyalty? What, fundamentally, is wrong with the pusillanimous retreat of the Washington educators, the barbarous antics of Washington legislators, the hysterical outbursts of the D.A.R., the gross and vulgar appeals of business corporations? It is not merely that these things are offensive. It is rather that they are wrong—morally, socially and politically.

The concept of loyalty as conformity is a false one. It is narrow and restrictive, denies freedom of thought and of conscience, and is irremediably stained by private and selfish considerations. "Enlightened loyalty," wrote Josiah Royce, who made loyalty the very core of his philosophy,

> means harm to no man's loyalty. It is at war only with disloyalty, and its warfare, unless necessity constrains, is only a spiritual warfare. It does not foster class hatreds; it knows of nothing reasonable about race prejudices; and it regards all races of men as one in their need of loyalty. It ignores mutual misunderstandings. It loves its own wherever upon earth its own, namely loyalty itself, is to be found.

Justice, charity, wisdom, spirituality, he added, were all definable in terms of loyalty, and we may properly ask which of these qualities our contemporary champions of loyalty display.

Above all, loyalty must be to something larger than oneself, untainted by private purposes or selfish ends. But what are we to say of the attempts by the N.A.M. and by individual corporations to identify loyalty with the system of private enterprise? Is it not as if officeholders should attempt to identify loyalty with their own party, their own political careers? Do not those organisations that deplore, in the name of patriotism, the extension of government operation of hydro-electric power expect to profit from their campaign?

Certainly it is a gross perversion not only of the concept of loyalty but of the concept of Americanism to identify it with a particular economic system. This precise question, interestingly enough, came before the Supreme Court in the Schneiderman case not so long ago—and it was Wendell Willkie who was counsel for Schneiderman. Said the Court:

> Throughout our history many sincere people whose attachment to the general constitutional scheme cannot be doubted have, for various and even divergent reasons, urged differing degrees of governmental ownership and control of natural resources, basic means of production, and banks and the media of exchange, either with or without compensation. And something once regarded as a species of private property was abolished without compensating the owners when the institution of slavery was forbidden. Can it be said that the author of the Emancipation Proclamation and the supporters of the Thirteenth Amendment were not attached to the Constitution?

There is, it should be added, a further danger in the wilful identification of Americanism with a particular body of economic practices. If loyalty and private enterprise are inextricably associated, what is to preserve loyalty if private enterprise fails? Those who associate Americanism with a particular programme of economic practices have a grave responsibility, for if their programme should fail they expose Americanism itself to disrepute.

The effort to equate loyalty with conformity is misguided because it assumes that there is a fixed content to loyalty and that this can be determined and defined. But loyalty is a principle, and eludes definition except in its own terms. It is devotion to the best interests of the commonwealth, and may require hostility to the particular policies which the Government pursues, the particular practices which the economy undertakes, the particular institutions which society maintains. "If there is any fixed star in our Constitutional constellation," said the Supreme Court in the Barnette case, "it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion, or force citizens to confess by word or act their faith therein. If there are any circumstances which permit an exception they do not now occur to us."

True loyalty may require, in fact, what appears to the naïve to be disloyalty. It may require hostility to certain provisions of the Constitution itself, and historians have not concluded that those who subscribed to the "Higher Law" were lacking in patriotism. We should not forget that our tradition is one of protest and revolt, and it is stultifying to celebrate the rebels of the past—Jefferson and Paine, Emerson and Thoreau—while we silence the rebels of the present.

Those who would impose upon us a new concept of loyalty not only assume that this is possible but have the presumption to believe that they are competent to write the definition. We are reminded of Whitman's defiance of the "never-ending audacity of elected persons." Who are those who would set the standards of loyalty? They are Rankins and Bilbos, officials of the D.A.R. and the Legion and the N.A.M., Hearsts and McCormicks. May we not say of Rankin's harangues on loyalty what Emerson said of Webster at the time of the Seventh of March speech: "The word honour in the mouth of Mr. Webster is like the word love in the mouth of a whore."

What do men know of loyalty who make a mockery of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, whose energies are dedicated to stirring up race and class hatreds, who would straitjacket the American spirit? What, indeed, do they know of America—the America of Sam Adams and Tom Paine, of Jackson's defiance of

the Court and Lincoln's celebration of labour, of Thoreau's essay on Civil Disobedience and Emerson's championship of John Brown, of the America of the Fourierists and the Come-Outers, of cranks and fanatics, of socialists and anarchists? Who among American heroes could meet their tests, who would be cleared by their committees? Not Washington, who was a rebel. Not Jefferson, whose motto was "rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." Not Garrison, who publicly burned the Constitution; or Wendell Phillips, who spoke for the underprivileged everywhere and counted himself a philosophical anarchist; not Seward of the Higher Law or Sumner of racial equality. Not Lincoln, who admonished us to have malice towards none, charity for all; or Wilson, who warned that our flag was "a flag of liberty of opinion as well as of political liberty"; or Justice Holmes, who said that our Constitution is an experiment and that while that experiment is being made "we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death."

There are further and more practical objections against the imposition of fixed concepts of loyalty or tests of disloyalty. The effort is itself a confession of fear, a declaration of insolvency. Those who are sure of themselves do not need reassurance, and those who have confidence in the strength and the virtue of America do not need to fear either criticism or competition. The effort is bound to miscarry. It will not apprehend those who are really disloyal, it will not even frighten them; it will affect only those who can be labelled "radical." It is sobering to recall that, though the Japanese relocation programme, carried through at such incalculable cost in misery and tragedy, was justified to us on the ground that the Japanese were potentially disloyal, the record does not disclose a single case of Japanese disloyalty or sabotage during the whole war. The warning sounded by the Supreme Court in the Barnette flag-salute case is a timely one:

> Ultimate futility of such attempts to compel obedience is the lesson of every such effort from the Roman drive to stamp out Christianity as a disturber of pagan unity, the Inquisition as a means to religious and dynastic unity, the Siberian exiles as a means to Russian unity, down to the fast-failing efforts of our present totalitarian enemies. Those who begin coercive elimination of dissent soon find themselves exterminating dissenters. Compulsory unification of opinion achieves only the unanimity of the graveyard.

Nor are we left to idle conjecture in this matter; we have had experience enough. Let us limit ourselves to a single example, one that is wonderfully relevant. Back in 1943 the House Un-American Activities Committee, deeply disturbed by alleged disloyalty among Government employees, wrote a definition of subversive activities and proceeded to apply it. The definition was admirable, and no one could challenge its logic or its symmetry:

> Subversive activity derives from conduct intentionally destructive of or inimical to the Government of the United States—that which seeks to undermine its institutions, or to distort its functions, or to impede its projects, or to lessen its efforts, the ultimate end being to overturn it all.

Surely anyone guilty of activities so defined deserved not only dismissal but punishment. But how was the test applied? It was applied to two distinguished scholars, Robert Morss Lovett and Goodwin Watson, and to one able young historian, William E. Dodd, Jr., son of our former Ambassador to Germany. Of almost three million persons employed by the Government, these were the three whose subversive activities were deemed the most pernicious, and the House cut them off the payroll. The sequel is familiar. The Senate concurred only to save a wartime appropriation; the President signed the Bill under protest for the same reason. The Supreme Court declared the whole business a "bill of attainder" and therefore unconstitutional. Who was it, in the end, who engaged in "subversive activities"—Lovett, Dodd and Watson, or the Congress which flagrantly violated Article One of the Constitution?

Finally, disloyalty tests are not only futile in application, they are pernicious in their consequences. They distract attention from activities that are really disloyal, and silence criticism inspired by true loyalty. That there are disloyal elements in America will not be denied, but there is no reason to suppose that any of the tests now formulated will ever be applied to them. It is relevant to remember that when Rankin was asked why his Committee did not investigate the Ku Klux Klan he replied that the Klan was not un-American, it was American!

Who are those who are really disloyal? Those who inflame racial hatreds, who sow religious and class dissensions. Those who subvert the Constitution by violating the freedom of the ballot box. Those who make a mockery of majority rule by the use of the filibuster. Those who impair democracy by denying equal educational facilities. Those who frustrate justice by lynch law or by making a farce of jury trials. Those who deny freedom of speech and of the press and of assembly. Those who press for special favours against the interest of the commonwealth. Those who regard public office as a source of private gain. Those who would exalt the military over the civil. Those who for selfish and private purposes stir up national antagonisms and expose the world to the ruin of war.

Will the House Committee on Un-American Activities interfere with the activities of these? Will Mr. Truman's disloyalty proclamation reach these? Will the current campaigns for Americanism convert these? If past experience is any guide, they will not. What they will do, if they are successful, is to silence criticism, stamp out dissent—or drive it underground. But if our democracy is to flourish it must have criticism, if our Government is to function it must have dissent. Only totalitarian governments insist upon conformity and they—as we know—do so at their peril. Without criticism abuses will go unrebuked; without dissent our dynamic system will become static. The American people have a stake in the maintenance of the most thoroughgoing inquisition into American institutions. They have a stake in nonconformity, for they know that the American genius is nonconformist. They have a stake in experimentation of the most radical character, for they know that only those who prove all things can hold fast that which is good.

It is easier to say what loyalty is not than to say what it is. It is not conformity. It is not passive acquiescence in the *status quo*. It is not preference for everything American over everything foreign. It is not an ostrich-like ignorance of other countries and other institutions. It is not the indulgence in ceremony—a flag salute, an oath of allegiance, a fervid verbal declaration. It is not a particular creed, a particular version of history, a particular body of economic practices, a particular philosophy.

It is a tradition, an ideal, and a principle. It is a willingness to subordinate every private advantage for the larger good. It is an appreciation of the rich and diverse contributions that can come from the most varied sources. It is allegiance to the traditions that have guided our greatest statesmen and inspired our most eloquent poets—the traditions of freedom, equality, democracy, tolerance, the tradition of the Higher Law, of experimentation, co-operation and pluralism. It is a realisation that America was born of revolt, flourished on dissent, became great through experimentation.

Independence was an act of revolution; republicanism was something new under the sun; the federal system was a vast experimental laboratory. Physically Americans were pioneers; in the realm of social and economic institutions, too, their tradition has been one of pioneering. From the beginning, intellectual and spiritual diversity have been as characteristic of America as racial and linguistic. The most distinctively American philosophies have been transcendentalism—which is the philosophy of the Higher Law—and pragmatism—which is the philosophy of experimentation and pluralism. These two principles are the very core of Americanism: the principle of the Higher Law, or of obedience to the dictates of conscience rather than of statutes, and the principle of pragmatism, or the rejection of a single good and of the notion of a finished universe. From the beginning Americans have known that there were new worlds to conquer, new truths to be discovered. Every effort to confine Americanism to a single pattern, to constrain it to a single formula, is disloyalty to everything that is valid in Americanism.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

YESTERDAY IS TO-MORROW

BEGIN with the museum. Skirt round the huge Byzantine cross, ignore the mediaeval clothes, the crumbling shoes. Pass the Viking battle-axe, sidestep the long laborious-hewn canoe. Raise the hat and enter the 1916 room.

The average Englishman seldom remembers the rebellion. It is lost in the general exasperating muddle of Anglo-Irish relations, and in any case the European mind is haunted by more recent and horrific nightmares. The Englishman may even imagine, in his blundering Anglo-Saxon way, that he has done rather well by Ireland in the last twenty-five years. He will remember that he signed away the Treaty Ports a year before the war broke out and believe that he paid for this unsolicited and crazy act of generosity by a great deal of British blood. He may go further and credit himself with a little righteousness for having respected Irish neutrality and reflect that there would be no independent Ireland today but for his efforts. Should these irrelevancies occur to him, he would be well advised to keep them to himself. Few Irishmen will agree with him. Few think we acted either well or ill, none that they might owe us anything. Perhaps all neutrals are inclined to be smug, but there is a disturbing difference between the atmosphere in Ireland and the air of Switzerland, for instance. The war is part of the Swiss mind as it is part of the European's: it has coloured his thought, his politics and his writing. In Ireland the war might never have happened. It has left no mark on anything: life rolls uninterruptedly on—quiet, parochial, safe. The war, which gives others a common background, is here a hindrance in the way of understanding, and certain words and places and events, so near and painful to the European, acting like the sharp sting of an antiseptic on his consciousness, have quite a different meaning for the Irishman. Rather a pleasant meaning. The war brings back the rollicking days with the Irish army, histrionic manoeuvres, melodramatic hunts for lost airmen. It was rather like something out of Mr. Evelyn Waugh, and a good time was had by all.

The rebellion is much more real. It remains a glorious mystery, part of the bewildering Irish mythology and the fight for independence, going back through Parnell, O'Connell and the famine to the ghostly heroes of the bogs. Hence the sacred relics in the museum, the whispered vespers of the children as they murmur over the last letters, the revolvers and shot guns, the thrilling orders from headquarters. The old heroes and villains stare up blankly from the faded pages of *The Graphic*; de Valera, grim and unsmiling, the Plunkett brothers under guard, Sir Hamar Greenwood, spick and podgy, on the steps of No. 10. What message have they for our war-bruised minds? It is not very clear. The figures are already pathetic and dated; even the puttees on the British soldiers make their uniform seem a little "off," like the make-do clothes of a provincial repertory company.

Every speck of dust, every photograph, every hair has been piously hoarded for posterity. Dummies dressed in riding boots, green trousers and brown civilian coats, secured by a military belt, stand dumpily at ease in glass show cases.

A headless figure desolately displays the "morning suit made for Sir Roger Casement while negotiating with the German Government in Berlin in 1915 by Messrs. Selig, Unter den Linden." One can admire the "pince-nez which belonged to President Arthur Griffith" and "the prison cap worn by Thomas Ashe in Lewes gaol, 1917," while, held aloft, in scarecrow seriousness, is the "bullet-pierced hat stated to have fallen from James Connolly's head as he was lying on a stretcher in the Castle hospital."

The Englishman can learn a great deal from this curious spectacle. It will help him to understand a certain museum quality in Ireland, the strange feeling that this green and lovely island, with its cropped bald hills, its church bells, the monks and nuns padding through the streets are all living under the dispensation of The National Trust. So many charming things are kept alive. The lonely padlocked churches of the Church of Ireland—how furiously the congregation of four old maids sing their defiance. "When two or three are gathered together in Thy name"—the words take on a new meaning in these empty beautiful churches. Then there are the Anglo-Irish, who have given Ireland so much of its literature, its architecture and even its political thought, but who are now isolated, puzzled and frustrated. Vainly they ride over the hills, tally-hoing for a past which has nothing to do with the ancient sagas that fill the minds of their neighbours. How absurd and pathetic they are, with their large and rambling houses, their dogs and horses, and the Georgian silver, forgotten and covered with dust.

But to return to the museum and the President's glasses, the "tunic button given by Commandant Edward Daly to a nun in the North Dublin Union." Is the past never to be exorcised, one wonders, are the old futile hatreds to go on even when they no longer have any relevance? It seems so. The suspicion and hostility is kept alive in the press, the theatre and the schools. "I hate the very name of England"—Tone's voice still thunders thrillingly across the years. The calendar is a succession of anniversaries: day by day the mourners meet round the graves, to make solemn speeches and be photographed for to-morrow's newspapers. Anglo-Irish relations have undoubtedly improved but the old rancorous enmity is too useful to be entirely discarded. The best passport to political honours is still to have been gaoled by the British: if there were an Irish *Who's Who* the entries would not end with a list of respectable schools and clubs but a flourish of prisons. Gaols—Lewes and Lincoln. "What did you do in the rebellion?"—the question effectively baffles any young whippersnapper who dares to criticise the old guard. There are very few rising young politicians in Ireland: they have no halo, and no means of getting one until the past is buried and a new struggle emerges.

Ireland is now free and independent: the Englishman must be careful what he says if he is to avoid a broken bottle. The least criticism and an indignant cackle comes from the Irish press. But it is not only fear of the broken bottle that inhibits the visitor. There is the charm of the Irish, their ungrudging hospitality and kindness, the attraction of the slow lazy rhythm of life, and the never-ending pleasure of talking to people who still use the English language poetically. And yet . . . a doubt intrudes and nags until it is analysed.

When Ireland freed herself she had the choice between two policies. She could either move outwards, using the Commonwealth as a link in the world and welcoming, though not necessarily accepting, the ideas and experiences of Europe. Or she could turn inwards, feeding upon herself and becoming insulated against outside influences. It is this second course that Ireland now seems to be following. Meditating over Sir Roger's morning suit, one wonders whether the choice was ever more than a theoretical possibility. Ireland was oppressed for four hundred years—we must never forget what a numbing effect this has had on her political life. Martyred peoples emerge outraged and suspicious: their new independence seems so fragile that it must be tended in a hot-house of small time nationalism. The drag of the past is too strong, the temptation so great to curl up into the womb where the only problem was the comparatively simple one of being born. The past serves everybody—politicians who have no policy and writers who have nothing to say. It is even a useful alibi to explain away any shortcomings in the present. I believe that Mr. de Valera had no other choice except to be neutral in the war, but it is a little shocking to find this inglorious page in Irish history dressed up in the plumage of Ireland's cultural mission or dismissed with the cocky remark that "the world never did anything for us in our struggle, why should we do anything for the world?"

Irish nationalism to-day mothers a strange brood. The English language must be erased because it belongs to an alien culture—hence the costly attempt to revive Irish. Catholic Ireland must be protected against materialism and atheism—hence the censorship. She must not be so economically dependent upon Britain—hence the crowded nursery of secondary industries. These measures, however innocent at the beginning, have not had very fortunate results. Irish children are handicapped by being taught through the medium of Irish until they are seven. The censorship applies a broad philistine hand in the effort to mollycoddle Ireland from all knowledge of sex and Communism. As for the secondary industries they have bred a new class, prim, money conscious, and suspicious of anything foreign. One wonders what A.E. would have made of them and their bright and futuristic cars.

"Tell me about the world," an intelligent Irishman said to me. "Remember, we are like goldfish in a bowl here." There is something in it: the world is seen in oily unreality through the glass and outside passions only faintly ripple the safe greenish water. The metaphor cannot be taken further, fish die if they are taken out of the bowl. But metamorphosis has not yet taken place, and Mr. de Valera could correct these doubtful tendencies if he had a mind to do so. He is a lonely figure these days. There is no one in his own party who is his intellectual or moral equal. He has no obvious rival. He is Ireland's one great man, with a legitimate authority that no one else is likely to have for many years. Does he never have doubts about his own policy or reflect that he will one day disappear and make way for lesser men? They may put Irish nationalism to some strange and sinister uses.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE STATE AND GAMBLING

IN the days when gambling was respectable the State regularly ran lotteries to raise money, mostly for general needs, sometimes for special purposes. The Westminster Bridge of 1750 was built on the proceeds of a public lottery, and the lucky tickets were drawn in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey. A lottery loan in 1694 raised a million pounds. From 1709 to 1826 the Government obtained on an average £350,000 a year by lotteries. The system on which the lotteries were run lent itself to a number of abuses, and opposition to them from the City and the Churches gathered force at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In Parliament, Wilberforce led the attack, and after 1826 they ceased.

From then on the cause of the anti-gamblers has hardly looked back. A procession of laws and Select Committees bears witness to the success of their campaign to drive gambling underground. Their triumph was in 1927, when the Betting Tax only managed to collect duty on one-third of the year's volume of betting on horses. The impious Government, which had dared to recognise the existence of betting by trying to collect a tax from it, was forced to retreat and the tax was withdrawn. Victory for the anti-gamblers was complete in theory. Lotteries were illegal; prizes won by chance and not by skill were outlawed; and street betting was forbidden. But sin is never cast out by prohibitions—it gains in charm.

The craving for gambling is common to all sections and all ages in the community. Total abstinence is confined to a minority, certainly not more than one in five of the population. The rest go in for it, occasionally or all the time, according to their inclinations or the facilities available. They do it for "a bit of excitement," or, in some cases, because it brings in a steady income. With the shortage of consumer goods since the end of the war the upward trend of gambling has been sharply accentuated. Few people expect to make a fortune, but all hope for something for nothing. No amount of restrictions will stop it. It may be a social evil, but it is an older and more deeply rooted one than smoking. All that the Churches and worthy bodies have to show for their efforts to stop it is a number of laws aimed at making it more difficult but which have instead given us today one of the largest and most profitable industries in the country, touching probably more people in their daily lives and thoughts than any other.

Exact figures are hard to come by. Many of them are compiled by the enemies of gambling, who usually think that the way to end it is by exposing its vastness. But some indisputable statistics in particular fields are available, and reasonable estimates can be made in the others. In 1938 Greyhound Totalisators took in gross receipts £40 million, in 1945 £137 million, and in 1946 £200 million. It is estimated that the bookmakers' turnover is nearly equal to that of the Totalisators. Even if it were taken at only two-thirds, the grand total in gross receipts for betting on greyhound racing for 1946 is £333 million. Totalisators do only a fraction of the betting on horses, but their gross receipts for 1946, at £14 million, are double those of 1945. But horses still draw many more bets than dogs. As long ago as 1932 the Royal Commission on Lotteries and Betting accepted £230 million as a reasonable annual estimate for betting on horse-racing. Adding unascertainable street betting, and an increase proportionate to the increase in other forms of gambling, the figure for 1946 can scarcely be put at less than £380 million. The Churches' Committee on Gambling puts receipts for 1946 for gaming machines, pin-tables and the like at £10-20 million. Football pools for 1946 have accounted for something in the neighbourhood of £50 million (it will be more for 1947). Lotteries, including the Irish Sweepstake, account for another £5-10 million. Over all, gamblers laid out something like £778 to £793 million in 1946, and by the end of 1947 they should have increased their aggregate investments by about £100 million.

A common mistake made about this terrific expenditure is to assume that all the money is actually spent. Far and away the greater part of it comes back again to the betters, although redistributed. Football pools and gaming machines return eighty per cent. Bookmakers give back as much as ninety per cent., and totalisators perhaps ninety-three or ninety-four per cent. Lotteries give the worst return for the money. Only half the outlay goes to winning tickets or prizes. Roughly, investors lose about ten or eleven per cent, which goes to the profits and expenses of the industry. In 1946 they lost, say, £78 million. In 1947 it will be £88 million. When the Churches maintain that one-third of the estimated expenditure on gambling for 1947 given to National Savings would, by itself, reach the target, they are mistaken. One of the chief attractions of betting is not merely the hope of return but the fact of return. In a Mass-Observation survey for the National League for Education against Gambling, nearly sixty per cent of a sample of men over forty in a working-class area said they went in for gambling, while only twenty-three per cent were formally against. Twenty-seven per cent of the gamblers had won over

the last year, seventeen per cent reckoned they had broken even, and fifty-two per cent had lost. Thirty-one per cent of the winners had won between £1 and £5 and twenty-three per cent had won £5 to £25. The most popular fields for betting were horses and the pools, with horses substantially in the lead. The amount of money staked on each sport bears no relation to the number of people engaging in it. Average weekly expenditure on pools is 3s. a week. Horse and greyhound backers spend more.

A more telling argument for the anti-gamblers is the amount of labour involved. Bookmaking absorbs most, possibly because it employs an army of touts and runners. It would probably not be putting it too high to say that there were 150,000 whole-time employees of the bookmaking industry, plus another 50,000 or so working part time. The football pools have at least 45,000 full-time employees on their payroll and another 30,000 working part time over the week-ends. The operation of gaming machines takes another 15,000 permanently from the labour force. In all, there cannot be much less than 210,000 people catering, whole time, for the gambling instinct.

The price of respectability, then, in labour and money waste, leaving out the amount that goes back to the gamblers, is enormous, and the State gets nothing from it. All its ingenuity up to date has utterly failed to curtail gambling in the slightest degree. Instead, the legal restrictions placed on it have created an industry which, in its present form, is almost impossible either to tax or to control. The selling of Irish Sweepstake tickets in England is illegal, but at least £4 millions' worth of tickets were sold for it in this country in 1946. Street and public house betting is prohibited, but probably the bookmakers' runners bring in to their offices nearly £100 million annually. Football pools are prevented from printing their coupons in the press, but the Post Office handles 14 million football pool packages a week.

In France the Government runs State lotteries. Here the anti-gamblers have persuaded us that gambling is of the devil, and its money too tainted for the State to touch. Politicians, suffering from the same myopia, agree that it would be politically impossible for the State to sponsor gambling or gather revenue from it. But, while there is talk of cutting the food subsidies, can this tremendous quantity of money circulating daily for pleasure purposes be left untapped?

WOODROW WYATT

(To be concluded.)

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

Electra. The courtyard of Mycenae has attracted countless dramatists, and in that murky playground of the soul, provided you keep to a few basic rules of procedure and the right number of participants, there is little limit to the variety of games you can play. (M. Sartre has only recently shown that the Orestes story can be conveniently manipulated into a reasoned plea for atheism.) There is every advantage, as the Greeks realised, in using a story already well known to the audience; our attention, if engaged at all, becomes sharply pointed towards the high moments; the dramatist's task is to revive in us the hope that the things we know *will* happen *won't;* and to show us implications in the fable hitherto unobserved by his predecessors or by us. Hofmannstahl takes the easiest possible way out: the parts allotted to Orest and Aegisth are as much abbreviated as their names; and the drama comes to an end at the accomplishment of the revenge, after which Electra dances the dance of triumph she has long promised herself, and falls dead. (This may be Strauss's own insistence; in the libretto she collapses and "lies stiff.") This reduces the story to a lower level than one cares for; but it does leave poet and dramatist free to concentrate to their heart's content on what in the innocent childhood of our century was considered morbid psychology.

I remember the broadcast of this opera in 1938 with Pauly as Electra and Konetzni as Chrysothemis. The two broadcasts last week were no less brilliant: never can such vast, shining, *nouveau riche* mansions of sound have been more successfully transported across the air: the three women sang brilliantly, Mme. Welitsch as Chrysothemis especially so. A good deal has happened to the music in even the ten years since it was last played here. It cannot any longer, I think, be considered in any way ugly music; indeed the sentimentality so often commented on in the music sung by and associated with Chrysothemis seems now apparent in a good deal of Electra's music also. Certain other changes in one's feelings are not Strauss's fault; though it is perhaps a comment on the quality of the music that in the last ten years the American cinema has found these lovely luscious *crescendi* so fatally imitable and debasible; and that the violent, novel moments in the orchestra which accompany the outbursts of physical activity in the story no longer shock. But there are more serious queries about *Electra* which nag at one's mind throughout. In describing itself, it avails itself of the pious euphemism "music drama"; in fact it is more closely allied to Strauss's symphonic poems than to opera. It is doubtless natural to a composer who has already given accounts of Juan and Don Quixote by orchestral means alone to find himself unable to dislodge his characterisation from the orchestra and transport it on to the stage; but one cannot avoid a feeling of disappointment at the arbitrary nature of what the characters have to sing, even at their most energetic moments; there is nothing as impressive in Clytemnestra's part as in the terrifying music which accompanies her approach; and moments like the Fifth Servingwoman's outburst in defence of Electra do not move one as much as one hopes they will. It is perhaps late in the day to press the point, but ungovernable passion comes home more nearly to us in the confines of a Shakespeare sonnet than in an unrestrained outburst; if one ventures, after hearing Strauss's Clytemnestra and Electra, both of whom demand of us pity as well as revulsion, to think of Verdi's Amneris, who compels the same responses, it is less to point out Verdi's greater range and subtlety than to point out the paradoxically greater possibilities, for the communication of character, inherent in a more formal design. (I think that the principal reason why one hopes so much from Mr. Benjamin Britten is his realisation of this.) In the end, Strauss, seeming at first to give us so much, gives us so little. After all the fuss, the moments one most valued in the broadcasts of last week were the simplest ones. It must be added that these were of the very best; you would have to have a heart of stone not to be touched by Clytemnestra's *Weisst du kein Mittel gegen Träume?* and by Electra's reply *Träumst du, Mutter?;* by Electra's tender cries of *Orest!* in the recognition scene, and her wild cry of *Sei verflucht!* as she realises she must accomplish her revenge alone.

HENRY REED

THE MOVIES

"The Woman in the Hall," and "Jamaica Problem," at the Leicester Square

With a solitary film in view, I have been grateful for the post that brought me a copy of *Sequence* (Oxford Univ. Film Society, 2s.). This is a young magazine in its second number and appropriately it has young ideas. Its thirty-six pages display a very lively impatience. Illustrated articles on the decline of Hollywood, the need for being highbrow, John Ford, British films; reviews of several new films (in-

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cluding *Paisa* and *Farrébique*) and books; jaunty news paragraphs from which we learn, for example, that Sir Alexander Korda is bringing Mr. Cary Grant to England to play the Devil, and that Orson Welles, having dashed off *Macbeth*, hopes to find in Cyrano de Bergerac the type of the masochist. The whole magazine, in fact, lets fly with scorn, intelligence, and that relish of enormities without which film criticism is apt to dawdle.

No compromise! On the necessity for being highbrow *Sequence* has no doubts whatever. The old class distinctions of high, middle, and low are revived, with the middlebrow, of course, as the arch-enemy. He or she it is who has advanced far enough on the road to Art and Culture to know what is good from a distance and to like it well wrapped up. The writer, Mr. Lindsay Anderson, classifies *In Which We Serve*, *Mrs. Miniver*, and *The Best Years of Our Lives* as middlebrow films which should therefore be resisted as supplanters of the real, right thing. The first and the third of these have genuine merits? Never mind; the better they are up to a point, the worse the betrayal. Short of the work of art and the naive entertainment all is pernicious, damned. "If you enjoy *L'Eternel Retour*, you may enjoy also *King Kong*, but not *Black Narcissus*. If you enjoy *Black Narcissus* you cannot enjoy *L'Eternel Retour*." The class war is on. A mysterious sympathy will link "the factory-worker who queues for an hour to see *Duel in the Sun*" and the lonely haunter of Curzons in Mayfair or Tottenham Court Road. For the revolutionary there can be no intermediate places, no gradualism of taste. Heretics must be hunted down. Mr. Whitebait, it seems, on occasion has shown dangerously middlebrow tendencies.

The weight, however, of the *Sequence* attack on the middlebrow is reserved for English film-making to-day, and here, I think, eclecticism proves its use. English films aren't quite so good to-day as we had hoped and inferred a year ago; we (the reviewers), going from film to film, have been slow to admit the fact; other things being equal, it is probably true that an English film will receive more attention, if not more praise, than an American one. This encouragement (legitimate, it seems to me) has not assisted a rush of masterpieces, though the general level has risen. Disappointing, and the critics of *Sequence* don't hesitate to say so; in fact, they skilfully drag down so good a piece as *Odd Man Out* several pegs lower than it deserves. But their chief point remains: that English films have become stuck in respectable mediocrity, that most people are fairly satisfied, that the documentary impulse of the war has worked itself out, and no imaginative movement has taken its place. English film-making, in fact, lacks an *avant-garde*, without which the work of art, good or bad, will never be more than a remarkable intrusion. *Sequence* cannot perhaps in itself initiate an *avant-garde;* it can only in its particular line adopt the tone without the functions of such a taste-former as *New Verse*. It can keep its accents fresh. I wish it luck, and an extended influence.

The Woman in the Hall is the bad old kind of English film done in the new efficient way. Taken from a novel by G. B. Stern (this fatal reliance on novels), it has the original idea of a widow who has made an art of begging in high places and whose daughters grow up under the influence of this confidence trickery. Unfortunately the theme is so muffled by stagey character and melodramatic plot that one's interest soon evaporates.

A new number of "This Modern Age" rescues us, not for the first time, from the doldrums of sentiment. Its subject is Jamaica. The conventional approach of palm-tree and sand leads to a frightening revelation of poverty, overpopulation, indolence, soil erosion. Self-government for this people will require energies of which this film gives little evidence. Its glimpses of politics and of Pocomania—the local mixture of tribal dance and Christianity—are fascinating.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE STREET

High ranks of regimented stone
Dress the parade of flesh and bone,
Whose units, neck to ankle, dress
In serge or silk their nakedness.
And though with various grimace,
Like rabbit from its hole, the face
Peep naked out, my glancing eye
Turns baffled from each passer-by;
For brow, lip, cheek, themselves are nought
But hiding-place for wish and thought.
And who is to gauge from smile or frown
The passion, the hope, the fear deep down?

Ah! could I but reverse the tale
And measure things in proper scale,
Fathom this grave and portly man,
His stupid, wise or evil plan,
Unmask this lovely woman, tell
What heaven she prepares, or hell,
One moment with Omniscience share
The dreadful vision of hearts laid bare
Then hope, fear, passion would I meet—
Walking like daylight down the street,
But gone to a shadow flesh and bone,
A ghost each high façade of stone.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

Correspondence

BRITISH COLONIAL POLICY

SIR,—Do people in Britain know what the Secretary of State for the Colonies or his spokesmen say on their behalf when colonies are discussed in the United Nations? During the past month Britain has several times deeply disappointed those of us who believed that under a Labour Government she would follow at least a more liberal line in regard to imperialism than Belgium or the Netherlands or France.

May I give you two illustrations? Under Article 73 (e) of the Charter, colonial Powers are obliged to transmit to U.N. information about economic, social, and educational conditions in their colonies. A majority of the member-states of U.N. supported a proposal that the colonial Powers be encouraged also to send (as the United States had already done) information about political developments, so that all the world could judge how far the promise of progress towards self-government was being made good in the colonies. They also argued that one cannot satisfactorily separate political from economic information. Britain resisted this resolution to the bitter end and later went so far as to be the sole supporter of Belgium in a futile attempt to cut a large slice out of the budget of the division of the Trusteeship Department of U.N. whose function is to analyse the information sent in.

The second example was India's mild resolution expressing the pious hope that the colonial Powers would consider putting "all or some" of their colonies under the international trusteeship system (which at present covers only former mandated territories). In a set speech Arthur Creech Jones himself opposed this resolution. He was embarrassed to hear Sir Maharaj Singh in his reply quote a pamphlet that makes a formidable case for the resolution. The pamphlet is entitled *Colonies and the International Conscience*. It was published in 1945 by the Fabian Colonial Bureau, and its joint authors are Arthur Creech Jones and Rita Hinden.

JOHN GILD

New York.

JUSTICE IN THE BRITISH ZONE

SIR,—May I draw your attention to a case that has been tried in the German courts in the British Zone during the current year and that has attracted widespread attention? The facts are as follows.

Ernst Garbe, a young German journalist of Leftist politics, was called up to the German Army early in

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Company Meeting

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THE fifty-first Annual General Meeting of Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., was held on October 28th, at Pitman House, and was addressed by Mr. I. J. Pitman, M.P., the Chairman. The Directors' Report, together with the accounts had been circulated before the meeting.

The Company's profit for the year, after providing £85,000 for British Taxation, was £37,687, an increase of £8,231 on last year. Payments of £8,437 as Deferred Share dividend, and £9,000 to Staff Betterment fund were recommended.

REVIEW OF OPERATIONS

Exceptionally high demand has persisted, but the Company has been able to supply only a part of what customers have ordered. The turnover continues to be very satisfactory, and has continued its improvement. There is an impression among publishers and booksellers, however, that the sellers' market has ended. An opportunity to supply books as ordered, instead of as available will be welcome, for living from hand to mouth in a salesman's paradise is not without its drawbacks. It is always healthy to look forward to a competitive world and this firm does so with confidence, believing that reading is, and will remain, on the increase.

The Company's production of books for the year under review has shown a large increase, even over last year's record, but so insistent is the demand, that the backlog of unexecuted orders is undiminished. In spite of mounting difficulties, management and workers have tackled their problems with resolution and success.

In the course of the year the Company's first Continental School of English was opened in Geneva.

RESTRICTIVE PRACTICES IMPEDE PRODUCTION

Addressing the shareholders, Mr. I. J. Pitman said:—

"To meet even half the present demand for books is beyond the capacity of the printing and binding industry as at present staffed and organised. The long-term effects of denying our rising generation the means to knowledge and progress will be disastrous, and Britain may miss a great opportunity of leadership abroad, among the 1,300,000,000 illiterates of the world. Underutilization of machines and workers, and restricted entry into the trade are creating deliberate under-production which is endangering the nation. To-day there is no longer more man-power or machine-power than the market can absorb and a reversal of facts calls for a revision of policy."

The Directors' Report, and the Accounts, were adopted.

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the war, and deserted. He managed to remain in hiding until near the end of the war, when he was recaptured and sentenced to death as a deserter. He again escaped, after rendering his police guard unconscious with a blow from a poker. After the end of the war he was rearrested by German police in the Lübeck area and earlier this year was found guilty by the Lübeck Landgericht of attempted murder and sentenced to five months' imprisonment. He appealed to the Higher Court—the Oberlandgericht at Kiel—but his appeal was dismissed on the plea of the Chief Prosecutor. The arguments used by the Courts were that desertion is an offence punishable under the laws of all civilised countries; that the Hitler regime was legal in the sense that no one was entitled to resist its proper agents; and that the defendant, being under a charge, was therefore not entitled to plead self-defence. As a further argument it was stated that the international recognition of the Hitler regime legalised the methods employed by the Nazis in establishing themselves and afterwards in maintaining the regime.

The case has been discussed recently in *Die Weltbühne*—the periodical formerly edited by Karl von Ossievsky and revived since the war—and a number of the other German journals and newspapers. It is pointed out that at Nuremberg it was established that the war waged by Hitler was an illegal war and also that individual responsibility rested even on private German soldiers with regard to acts carried out even under orders. Garbe, it is pointed out, was therefore justified legally in refusing to take part in an illegal war and that in attacking the police guard he was acting legitimately in self-defence. It is further pointed out that under an order of the Control Council in Berlin (Proclamation No. 2, para. 43) no one can be prosecuted because of his sympathies with the United Nations. To this it may be added that this young German seems to have done precisely what the Allies tried to persuade the entire German nation to do during the war, i.e., put up an effective resistance to Hitler.

German papers generally have strongly criticised the British authorities for allowing the verdict to stand and point out that the Court officials responsible are still in office. ERNST DANNENBERG

Mount Dannen, Rowledge, Farnham, Surrey.

PRISONERS' LETTERS

SIR,—The thousands of German P.o.W.s still in this country will, I am told, all be repatriated by December, 1948. In the meantime, it is surely not too much to expect that letters from friends here may be allowed to reach them in their camps and hostels. Not one of the three letters I have written to him has been received by a P.o.W. friend of mine, whose correspondence (like that of his fellow prisoners) has to be sent to an officially numbered camp headquarters "for onward transmission."

This particular P.o.W. is completely cut off from Germany, his home being in the Russian Zone. Since 1945 he has had no news of his family and does not know if its members are alive or dead. Russia has her own reasons for interposing an Iron Curtain between East and West. What can the British Army's reasons be for withholding from Germans in England their English friends' letters? MARY MAIR

5 Grove Avenue, Epsom.

IMPRESSIONS OF HAMBURG

SIR,—I have read, with great interest, the articles by H. N. Brailsford on German problems. I have just returned from my third visit to Germany after a break of ten years. With two colleagues, I went on a sponsored visit to see the Youth Work and general task of re-education in the British Zone. A recent experience in Hamburg prompts this letter. We met thirty young students from Kiel, who were attending a re-education course in Hamburg. During the week prior to their visit, the Holmag Factory, employing 1,300 German workers, was dismantled, amidst scenes of opposition from the Kiel workers. This factory was almost the only source of engineering employment remaining in Kiel, and the British authorities had given assurances that the plant would not be dismantled. Indeed, the firm had been allowed to take orders at the recent Hanover Fair.

My informants assured me that the sole products of the plant concerned are agricultural tractors, motors for fishing smacks, and cotton loom machinery. Any attempt at re-education by the British authorities is hopeless in circumstances such as these. These young men, and we considered them all to be excellent types, are naturally driven to the conclusion that Britain seeks to eliminate an industrial competitor, and to destroy the German people by starvation.

Similar examples to the Holmag dismantling were presented to us during our visit. We feel certain that the rank and file of the Labour Movement in this country do not know what is being done in Germany, and that the time is now ripe for us to make a strong protest. It was only with the greatest difficulty that it was possible to convince these young students that the mass of decent, progressive opinion in Britain would wish likewise to register disapproval of actions such as the Holmag dismantling. In another town of the British Zone we know of the recent dismantling of refrigeration plant.

I questioned many British officials—military and C.C.G.—regarding the operations of "T" Force, and, from information received, it would appear that much valuable machinery and many patents are finding their way to British firms. One officer, whom I questioned regarding the authority for these dismantlings of non-war potential replied: "Oh, it's a racket, I think they authorise themselves." Another told me: "The Ministry of Supply is in it somewhere." In my opinion, and that of the colleagues accompanying me, the whole question of the operations of "T" Force should be thoroughly ventilated on the floor of the House of Commons. Much of the good work being undertaken in Germany by the Education and Youth Branch is being completely nullified by actions such as we have described.

Like H. N. Brailsford, we were shocked at the sight of the "Victory Club," in which we had meals, the like of which we have not seen in England for years. The same is true of almost all military and C.C.G. feeding in Germany. And this, as H. N. Brailsford says, in a city (Hamburg) where 350,000 people are living on a Belsen diet.

Some German friends came a distance of 8 miles to see us one evening—we met in the centre of Hamburg. Every British canteen, club, and cafe is closed to German nationals (yes, and this included Y.M.C.A. and Toc H), so we had no alternative to walking the streets for an hour. Notices abound everywhere drawing attention to the serious offence of taking any food from a club or canteen, and the inevitable warning that entrance therein is forbidden to Germans. It is really very difficult to prove the ethical advantage of democracy amidst such circumstances. But, perhaps the theory of "Herrenvolk" has also changed its nationality? NORMAN L. STEVENS

25 Blackall Road, Exeter.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. H. N. Brailsford's article "Impressions of Hamburg," appearing in your issue of October 4th, I have been asked to give you the following information.

This was sent to me as a result of the allegations made in the last paragraph of Mr. Brailsford's article. He alleges that the club in Hamburg called "Victory House," was almost empty and one-quarter of the space would suffice, also that the "Vier Jahreszeiten" had only 25 officers staying in it with 100 servants and 300 bedrooms, and that the "country club" was having an addition of two storeys built with four squash courts. The true position, I am informed, is this: that the "Victory Club" has a daily average attendance of 5,000 rising at week-ends to 9,000, and the average set meals served daily are 550 exclusive of tea and snacks. The total number of rooms at the

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"Vier Jahreszeiten" is 200, of which 60 are unfurnished, and this hotel is full to capacity every week-end. This club has only been opened for two weeks and the average daily meals served are 600, and the number is increasing daily. At the "country club" there are no squash courts under construction, and the construction being built is, in fact, an extension for necessary domestic offices. MAJOR D. R. ROLLO

PRI News(c), Room 061, The War Office.
Whitehall, S.W.1.

THE BRITISH CAR

SIR,—Having seen Mr. Shawcross's letter, I shall be obliged if you will allow me to reply.

I should recall that his original suggestion was that the output of the motor car industry should be cut by half; that all the large factories should be merged in one combine which should produce two, or at the most three, models; and that outside this combine there should be about ten factories each making a car.

The reason why I thought this proposal quite impracticable was that we should lose an enormous amount of production and, consequently, loss of exports in the next few years, without any counterbalancing gain. The Government evidently take the same view, as they have asked us not to halve our output but to increase it next year and to export a very high percentage.

While it is quite possible for one manufacturer, after careful planning and purchasing of materials over a period of two years, to re-lay his lines of production in his factory to make one model instead of three, that is a very different proposition from asking all the large makers spread over about a dozen factories to join together in making only two or three models. It is this which would revolutionise the motor industry and leave a trail of lost production, irretrievable dislocation and the dispersion of executives and labour over the next three years.

Manufacturers not only have to make but have to sell the cars they make. There are many different models in America because there are many different types of construction and uses to which a car chassis can be put. For us to compress the industry into a very tight jacket would mean that we lose part of the market which we at present cover. For instance, in America to-day a convertible coupé is becoming fashionable. If we made only three models, the rigidity of the industry would be such as to make it almost impossible to fill the same demand with a mass-produced article.

This is not to say that a reduction of the number of models is not going on. As shown in the industry's recent report, the number of basic models will, between 1939 and 1949, have been reduced from 136 to 42, a reduction of 70 per cent, and the body variations from 299 to about 40, a fall of 86 per cent.

My point about coal is a simple one. Politicians do not hew coal but have now laid down an exact form of organisation into which the coal industry is to be fitted. I state categorically that the coal industry of the future will never again produce coal both as cheaply and in as great a quantity as was done before the politicians took control. That is why hundreds of thousands of people connected with the motor industry, as well as those outside, hope that the politicians will be constrained from interfering with the present expanding plans and production of our comparatively young industry.

R. GRESHAM COOKE,
Director,
Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders

GYPSIES AND WORLD POLITICS

SIR,—As Honorary Secretary of the international Gypsy Lore Society, may I point out two inaccuracies in Mr. Terry's article on "Gypsies and World Politics" in your issue of October 11?

First, the annual gathering of Gypsies at Saintes-Maries de-la-Mer is in no sense a "congress," but merely a haphazard assembly of various clans who meet to observe a traditional ceremony in honour of their patron saint Sara. Mr. Terry seems to have been misled by the "trickle" of Gypsies present this year (who probably sought to magnify their own importance by describing themselves as "delegates") into believing that the pilgrimage to Saintes-Maries was for political rather than religious and business purposes. The fact is that, after the ceremony of carrying the statue of saint Sara and her relics out to sea, the Gypsies spend the night in the crypt of the gaunt ninth-century church and there discuss the "affairs of Egypt"; and the election of a "Queen" or "King" over local groups is quite an incidental matter and of no importance politically. There is no such person as a "King" over "all the Western and Eastern Gypsies of Europe," and the sooner this misconception is cleared away the better.

Various groups of Gypsies, such as those of Poland and Lithuania, or the Tziganes of Rumania, or the Nomad Coppersmiths in France and the Pyrenees, or the Lowara of Belgium, choose their own ruler or chieftain and have their own specific jurisdiction and separate courts of law. In Poland—before the war and the Nazis' wholesale massacre of Gypsies for the alleged crime of being "a-social"—such an election was more ceremonious, and in 1938 Janus Kviek (successor of the murdered Mateyas mentioned by your contributor) was actually crowned at Warsaw by Archbishop Teodorvic with much pomp and circumstance. But this is very exceptional, and that same Gypsy ruler's sway even over his Polish "subjects" lasted but a few months, while directly after his coronation the Gypsies of Czechoslovakia passed a resolution at Nitra refusing to acknowledge the "sovereignty" of a Polish Tinner!

Second, to describe—in 1947—the Archduke Joseph's *Czigány nyelvtan* (Budapest 1888) as "the only textbook of the Gypsy language" is an absurdity. It was not even a pioneer work on Romani, since it appeared a whole century after Grellmann's epoch-making *Zigeuner* (Dessau, Leipzig, 1783) and seven years after the last part of Miklosich's comprehensive *Ueber die Mundarten und Wanderungen der Zigeuner Europas* (Wien, 1872-81). Since that date scores of scientific works on specific dialects of European and Asiatic dialects of Romani have been issued, including Dr. John Sampson's great "comparative" grammar and vocabulary (Oxford University Press, 1926), which is now universally recognised as the standard work on the Gypsy language, indispensable to all students of Gypsy Lore.

D. E. YATES,
Hon. Sec., Gypsy Lore Society,
University Library, Liverpool

RATIONING BY THE PURSE

SIR,—Sir Stafford Cripps is reported to have said recently that "the only way of dealing with tobacco is on the price basis. Nobody need complain—if they do not want to spend the money they need not." But most smokers will go without almost anything rather than without tobacco. So the result of high tobacco prices is to diminish materially expenditure on other goods, with the result, in poorer homes, of a dangerously lowered general standard of living, including malnutrition. If the price of tobacco is raised further, still more homes will become "drunkards' homes"—that is, homes in which every member of the family suffers because of the disproportionate expenditure upon an indulgence regarded as indispensable.

LOUIS MARLOW

17 St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3.

SIDNEY WEBB

SIR,—Some years ago, I was walking round the garden at Passfield Corner with Sidney Webb, when he halted at the end of a row of fine sweet peas and said: "Those are very pretty. I don't know whether they are the sort we eat, do you?"

Coming from one of such stupendous knowledge, this seemed to me very endearing. It still does.

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COLLINS

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE recent run of books about Shelley does not seem to be caused by any revived, fresh or unexpected interest in his poetry. All have assumed that he was a great poet and have professed that only for this reason is his life worth studying or writing about at all. But there has been no serious critical survey of his poetry for its own sake. It may be that there is nothing new to say, that its qualities are self-evident and that criticism is best dumb. But the peculiar way in which he is approached suggests that there are more complicated motives in the minds of those who write about him.

Many have complained at the "chat about Harriet" and at that kind of interest in Shelley which centres on the fact that he had two wives; but still it seems to be the interaction of his work and life, rather than his work alone, that causes the strong attraction of such various writers. There is little sign that his poetry is more widely or more attentively, or more lovingly read than it used to be; he is probably far less read for pure pleasure than Keats or Wordsworth; the three great Coleridge poems are probably read more often than any three by Shelley. Shelley is mostly read for some oblique purpose; his poems demand reference to things outside them—to his life, to the reader's life, to causes, to the past and the future, and the fate of the world—to almost anything. As poetry they are very hard to assess, even to enjoy without such references. Trelawny spotted this very early when he wrote: "To form a just idea of his poetry, you should have witnessed his daily life; his words and actions best illustrated his writings." Such a remark would be almost meaningless applied to, say, Keats or Coleridge. Coleridge's actions would form a grotesque series of illustrations to the *Ancient Mariner*.

Trelawny may have been a liar or embroiderer; but many of his Shelley stories do in fact read like prose drafts of Shelley poems, or like episodes out of symbolic journeys. He tried to teach Shelley to swim:

> He doffed his jacket and trousers, kicked off his shoes and socks, and plunged in; and there he lay stretched out on the bottom like a conger eel, not making the least effort or struggle to save himself. He would have been drowned if I had not instantly fished him out. When he recovered his breath, he said "I always find the bottom of the well, and they say Truth lies there. In another minute I should have found it, and you would have found an empty shell. It is an easy way of getting rid of the body."

It is like acting a piece of *Alastor* or *The Revolt of Islam*. This and other stories—the discovery of him in the wood by the lake; the reading at the mantelpiece while his dinner was untasted; the plan to solve the great mystery together with Jane Williams; the attack at Tanyrallt, to mention just a few—these are things that belong to the world of the poems. All his love affairs are ambiguous in the same sort of way.

It is this ambiguity, this living only partly in the normal world of the senses and of common human acts, that has led so many of his most ardent admirers to talk of angels, eternal children, ethereal beings and so on. It has led others to say flatly that he was mad. Even those like Edmund Blunden who aim to bring out in fullest relief the normalities in Shelley's life—his practical charity, his gaiety of manner when he was happy, his interest in dykes and crops—are labouring to protect him from the grotesque exaggerations of spiritualisers, rather than to deny or to explain away the oddities. It is exactly the interaction of the oddities with the normal, of the poetry with the life, of the idealisms with the fleshly Harriets, Marys and Janes that makes his whole career so interesting and attracts such diverse comments. He epitomises more than any other single Englishman the hungry searching after the infinite, the desire of the moth for the star, which is so typical of Romanticism and of youth. His search lay in a full context; he had not only a well-informed mind, so that history and the writings of others were always ready to hand for use, but he also had such personal charm that his life was full of friends and women onto whom he could project his images of perfection in every phase. Because his life was so full in these two ways there has been much to discover about it and much to say.

Its fullness and its fascination even for unexpected types of mind could not be more clearly shown than in the two immense volumes by Newman Ivey White* which have just been published for the first time in England. Mr. White is an American Professor of English who has spent over twenty-five years studying Shelley; he has "had access," as his publishers say, "not only to the source material known by his predecessors but to a great deal of his own discovery." His book, which first appeared in America seven years ago, is an academic biography which consciously and deliberately makes dullness its aim; for Prof. White is very honest:

> Attempts to be witty or profound (he writes) commonly warp the straight grain of truth and justice. Cleverness and brilliance usually score their points *for* the biographer and *against* his subject. The "style" may indeed be the man, but it is too often not the man for whom the reader's interest has been engaged.

Yet it is humanly impossible to write in any language without a "style." The ideal of styleless biography for a scholar is to print nothing but the source documents; any linking or commentary must have a style. Scholars can have good styles, as Bentley and Housman have shown; Masson has shown that they can have bad styles. For a writer on Shelley, of all people, to minimise the importance of style is bad enough; but it is far worse then to employ a bad one. Prof. White often paraphrases his sources in such a way as to kill their essential quality; and his own links and comments have none of the virtues of the best American prose, which is at least brisk.

I have not checked any of its quotations or references for their accuracy; but his machinery inspires confidence, and his fullness of treatment demonstrates the fullness of Shelley's life. All the ambiguities and oddities remain essentially untouched, unexplained, unspoiled by Prof. White's judicious consideration of the facts.

Nobody need try to defend Shelley for his blunders; but we do need to understand. Such understanding can be achieved in two ways. It can be achieved first by considering what was positive, clear and unproblematic in Shelley's life, by considering his simpler loves and enthusiasms and happinesses: and, secondly, by recognising that his problems were peculiarly those of an adolescent personality displayed with all the complexity and vigour of a man of genius. An understanding of one positive side of Shelley has just been helped by Mr. John Lehmann's Introduction to his anthology called *Shelley in Italy*.† He links Shelley to the Mediterranean and Renaissance tradition in our culture, by stressing first the importance of his Latin and Greek, especially his Greek, reading. He says that his language "showed the strength of the latinate diction of the eighteenth century softened by Athenian grace and sparkle." How fairly welcome such phrases fall after Prof. White! It seems that we are back in a world that has some significance for ourselves; it is that part of Shelley's world that Peacock most appreciated. Of the journey south through Italy in November 1818 Prof. White can say:

> Whoever wishes to see the effects of such a journey upon a lively and intelligent mind should read Shelley's detailed account in the letters, which even the usually unenthusiastic Peacock thought exceptionally fine.

Details follow, but the resonances are all lacking; it is for writers like Mr. Lehmann to supply them. They may not know to the last document what Shelley did on any special date, but they can appreciate the beauties and virtues of Shelley's great letters to Peacock, and can relate them to the traditions in which Shelley read and lived. Given Prof. White's scope there are, of course, long extracts, but they seem deprived of their sense and fire because of the detail in which they are embedded, and the lack of just that sense of history which Shelley took for granted and Mr. Lehmann can appreciate.

But neither Mr. Lehmann nor Prof. White faces all the implications of Shelley's journey to Italy in 1818. It was almost as much an escape as was Byron's self-imposed exile. Shelley travelled in the style of a gentleman with his own servants, less formally than his father on the Grand Tour, but in the same expectation of deference. His most furious radical poems of the Peterloo year come from Italy with a smug tinge; and they were never published till after his death. For all his intentions to be practical he was completely out of touch with the politics of the years following the suspension of Habeas Corpus. His living in Italy was itself one of the ambiguities which need understanding; it was a release into a world gloriously rich in association, but removed from responsibility; its scenery was like the succession of his own poetic images; the ruins of faiths and empires were there daily to view; one could eat grapes sitting on the fallen monument of a tyrant; the sky was like Panthea's eyes. "This poem," he wrote of the *Prometheus*,

> was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama.

Italy did not so much enrich Shelley's life as order a richness that was already there; it showed himself to himself; that is one of the gains of escape into exile.

He no more than others could escape from his own character and from memory; but in Italy even the violent swinging from extreme to extreme in his personal relationships began to be more controlled; Mary became of more importance to him. His disillusioned comments on Emilia have not got the ghastly and intolerant venom of his attacks on Eliza Westbrook and Miss Hitchener; the old situations recur, but with lessened consequences. Shelley had a power to cause others unhappiness in proportion to his power to charm them; his cruelties grew out of his highest aspirations; he loaded people with his own most passionate ideals and hopes, and hated when they faded. Even before *Epipsychidion* he showed that he knew well enough what he was liable to do:

> I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,
> Thou needest not fear mine;
> My spirit is too deeply laden
> Ever to burthen thine.
>
> I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
> Thou needest not fear mine;
> Innocent is the heart's devotion
> With which I worship thine.

These small casual verses show an awareness of his own attitude to people; they express a clarity of intention which his actions, as he knew, belied. He did burthen people, and then resented it. All his doctrine depended on the innocent devotion of the heart, not only on its possibility, but on its reality. His life was a succession of starts to realise it, all intense. This is what makes it so fascinating. One can see, even behind Prof. White's huge façade of "Shelley scholarship," the yearning boy whose painful hopes to do good in the world are lit by Shelley. It is a light which biographers must refract.

HUMPHRY HOUSE

---

* SHELLEY. By Newman Ivey White. 2 Vols. *Secker & Warburg*. £3 13*s*. 6*d*.

† SHELLEY IN ITALY. An Anthology selected with an Introduction by John Lehmann. *Lehmann*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

MOZART STUDIES

Mozart's Operas. By E. J. DENT. *Oxford University Press.* 16*s.*

The Symphonies of Mozart. By G. DE SAINT-FOIX. Trans. by LESLIE ORREY. *Dobson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It was certainly high time for a new edition of Professor Dent's standard book, which first appeared in 1913. So much has happened since, both in Mozartian scholarship and in the opera-house; the most important change in this country being the frequent performance and new popularity of the operas. For this result three Englishmen share the credit: Sir Thomas Beecham, Mr. John Christie and Professor Dent himself. Of the five major operas only Don Giovanni, once the most popular of all, has in recent years become relatively unfamiliar. Why? Partly, no doubt, because it no longer possesses the specious romantic halo with which the nineteenth century invested it; partly because we have grown more conscious than our grandfathers of its faulty construction, and more intolerant of the moments when it lapses into a concert in costume? So far I think Professor Dent would agree, but not to another suggestion: that unlike the other two Da Ponte operas, *Don Giovanni* depends less on ensemble than on its solos, which demand four or five considerable artists—and no longer get them.

Without a splendid voice and large style, Donna Anna becomes a tedious virago, and it is in this light indeed that Professor Dent sees her ("a thoroughly unpleasant young lady,") implying moreover that, for Mozart too, she was "simply young and very foolish." If this view is correct, then the succession of great sopranos, culminating in Lilli Lehmann and Frida Leider, who endowed Anna's utterances with tragic force and (at the end) a most noble calm, were all barking up the wrong tree—a suggestion which the Professor, who has a holy horror of *prime donne*, would endorse with glee. But is this view of Anna really tenable? Does her music truly suggest, either in the first scene or in the vengeance aria or in "Non mi dir," a silly, inexperienced girl?

To provoke such discussion and dissension is no doubt one of the objects of this intensely lively and readable book: never was standard work less solemn. The scholarship is full of high spirits; every page has its apt and unexpected reference to literature or its sly comment on life. Now we learn that the words of Marcellina's aria in the fourth act of *Figaro* are imitated from a passage in Ariosto; now we are told the highly amusing and scandalous details of a Venetian episode which has a distant bearing on "Batti, batti"; now we investigate the share of Casanova in the genesis of *Don Giovanni*. That Casanova was present at the Prague *première* is a piquant fact long known to Mozartians; and it now seems unquestionable that, in the temporary absence of Da Ponte, he also lent a hand in rewriting part of the libretto. Among the incidental charms of this book are the author's learnedly unbuttoned footnotes, such as that gloss on the profligacy of the Abbé da Ponte: "An experienced friend of mine said to me some fifty years ago, 'If you want a woman in Rome, follow a priest.'"

Extensive and valuable as are the revisions, the great musical point of Professor Dent's book remains the same as before: it enables non-specialist readers to see Mozart in the framework of his time. No other eighteenth-century *opere buffe* having survived into our day, the liberal quotations from Mozart's predecessors and contemporaries are most enlightening, in their similarity no less than their difference from the Mozartian practice we know. He was the least self-sufficient of geniuses: he generally did what everyone else was doing at that moment, only twenty times better. Whenever he received an operatic commission (which was not nearly often enough for his liking) his first thought was to look round for a model; even something so insignificant as Wranitzky's *Oberon* would do. He was an ape more sedulous than Stevenson: he stands at the opposite pole from the typical artist of our time, whose first thought is to be original at all costs.

On this point, though temperamentally very much unlike, Professor Dent and the Comte de Saint-Foix are in full agreement. The main thesis of the great *Vie musicale* of Mozart which the latter began with Théodor de Wyzewa in 1912 and has just completed with a fifth volume published last year, is that the composer's whole adult career was a series of infatuations for the various national and personal styles of music with which he came successively into contact; indeed, the Comte's tally of Mozartian "periods" has the formidable ring of Leporello's catalogue—it numbers thirty-four. That sounds Teutonic, and there is perhaps at moments a Teutonic touch about the ecstatic prose of M. de Saint-Foix; nevertheless, the work marks an epoch in Mozartian criticism, and the analyses are both scholarly and convincing. The present volume is a parergon published in Paris in 1932, in which the word "Symphony" is taken in a wide sense to include many works outside the standard forty-one. Particularly interesting are its quotations from early nineteenth-century criticisms of Mozart, and the little book would serve as an excellent introduction to the larger work were it not impaired by a translation which is not only clumsy but often tempts one to doubt its accuracy. It is good news that the publishers have on hand a translation of the monumental *Vie musicale* itself; it is to be hoped that the work has been entrusted to a more competent pen.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

FIVE O'CLOCK AT ENNA

Tea with Mrs. Goodman. By PHILIP TOYNBEE. *Horizon.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Toynbee's remarkable new book belongs to that kind of writing which uses language as poetry uses it, without being metrical—the kind to which, among contemporaries, *The Waves*, *Finnegan's Wake*, *The Death of Virgil* and *The Unquiet Grave* also belong. There are eight guests at Mrs. Goodman's tea-party and some eleven "scenes," with a variety of small incidents leading up to a climax; though we learn of these only through listening to the comments and apostrophes of the guests. A form of double pagination enables us to read the book in both of two ways. Either we may read straight through, following each one of the characters in turn through the whole sequence of the tea-party: in this way we get an impression of the whole from eight successive viewpoints. Or we may take the reactions of each character to each separate scene, thus getting an interleaved or kaleidoscopic view, rather similar to *The Waves*. If all this sounds complicated on paper, nothing could be simpler in practice; the only complication comes from the somewhat ill-managed foreword in which the "notation" of the book is explained. In any case, *Tea with Mrs. Goodman* is the kind of book—this alone will make it many enemies—that needs to be read more than once and which will, for the pleasure and satisfaction it gives, reward as many re-readings as good poetry does.

Reading by the straight method, we begin by taking the tea-party literally, entering it with Max Ford, the impotent man of feeling, who to the various small incidents—a broken tea-cup, a dog's mess on the carpet, embers falling from the grate, the irruption of a bat—gives the response of his sensibility alone. The other people, as they enter one by one, are passed through the mixer of his verbal imagination; he envies his man-of-action brother, Tom; exalts the dancing boy, Noel Tillett; idealises his sister, Daisy Tillett; pities the lost child (until it kicks him); falls for the intellectual flattery of the old priest, Father Morton; and finally, pausing with a shock to view the ravage of his features in the golden mirror, he takes leave of his hostess:

> No, my old spider, I know that I can't escape you through this door. I'm your cocoon to feed on when you will. And bending low and humble, dizzy with her scents and stinks, I plant a hot kiss on her hot palm. She winks, and I wink her rosy incest back at her. In some stale bedroom of a station hotel, half past three on a Sunday afternoon, the things we'll do, Mrs. G. "Goodbye Mrs. Goodman, and thank you a thousand times for your hospitality."

So the pattern of the party is laid out and we proceed to retrace it through each of the other narrators. Max's brother, Tom, the Hero, is a type we know something of, the introspective extrovert, the T. E. Lawrence, the climber of F6, here greatly developed and assigned his true role. He alone, defying the dangers and the traps, stays to triumph; though just on what plane the triumph is won remains for the moment obscure. The third narrator, Daisy Tillett, gives a retrospective hint, in recalling to us her derivation from:

> . . . . that fair field
> Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers
> Herself, a fairer flower by Gloomy Dis
> Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain . . .

But the succeeding characters do not clarify this clue. We can accept them, in this dithyrambic setting, at their face value: the Calibanic Charlie Parsley with his blowsy libidinal belly-jokes, the abandoned child (whom Charley hails as "rancid with the polymorphous perverse, stiff with original sin"), the passionate *dévote*, Daisy Black. It is not till we come to the last monologue and discover Noel Tillett and Father Morton to be one and the same that we may be certain where we are, though the imagery has by now prepared us to accept it. Admired of all for his simple grace, his fresh youth, his green beauty, Noel Tillett is transformed into the decaying old Morton, the damnable dotard; the Spring boy becomes the Winter King. Retrospectively now we identify (in the anthropologist's sense) the other events and people, Tom Ford with Perceval, the broken tea-cup with the Holy Graal; it was the Wonderful Youth, we recall, who bore out the pieces, the Winter King who took his place: the woods decayed and the flowers died, and it was Daisy Proserpine who noticed it with a chill tremor of foreboding.

Thus the intention becomes clear. Reality conforms to the pattern of a myth and the Will is obedient to a Ritual. But that is only the obverse side, and a second reading, using the other system of paging, gives the reverse. The myth is alive in the pattern of reality and the ritual is the product of an act of will. It is the fusion of these two that Mr. Toynbee aims at creating for us with his two ways of reading.

The difficulty in the whole conception seems to me to lie in the distance we have travelled from this set of myths—the formidable gulf of oblivion which urban civilisation has dug between it and us. If the myth is still alive to us, it is so through intermediate forms wearing disguises so effective that we have forgotten the originals. The connection by means of these intermediaries is largely missing at Mrs. Goodman's tea-party. The leap is made direct and this throws a heavy strain on the resources of image-making. I am not perfectly convinced that the jump is completely taken, for all the brilliance of the writing. The "fine, free play" of the language which, though highly sensuous and evocative, remains always limpid and clear, may be judged from this extract from Daisy's first monologue:

> Dear face, I knew you at the harvest, smiling among the grey beards of barley; and a sheaf of barley was gathered under each blue arm. Now, bless me lady of the cornfields and the orchards. All your summer room is ripe with the winnowed grain and with the gathered green of our south-Eastern Eden, of the garden peninsular. From equinox to equinox I dream that the fruit and blossom hang together, plum under the dancing plum blossom, scarlet cherries fringed and winged with the pink of the tree. And all this is with us in the London room, as we watch the rosemary shiver in a breeze, and the sun fall deep into the peaches.

Certainly, *Tea with Mrs. Goodman* is a book that will make a considerable impact, its ripples will circle outwards over contemporary writing for the next few years. It enlarges, extends and deepens our whole conception of one representative Hero of our Time, while one of the minor characters, Charlie Parsley, is among the most successful of contemporary comic creations.

T. C. WORSLEY

SATIRE FROM THE LEFT

Let Cowards Flinch. By SAGITTARIUS. Illustrated by Vicky. *Turnstile Press.* 6s.

Sagittarius is an institution. In an age which one might have expected to bristle with political satire she stands alone; if there are other regular commentators in verse on the day-to-day movements of politics they certainly cannot compare with her either in her command of metre or in the consistency and aptness of her wit. Among one's first thoughts, when the Labour Government came into power in 1945 was simply, What will Sagittarius do now? The answer was, she remained a satirist, and so by definition a member of the permanent opposition, pricking the bubbles of ministerial folly as they arose, spot-lighting the shifting scene of politics with her remarkable command of the forms of light verse and her gift for parody. Since the days of the Spanish War she has not often, I think, been moved by the indignation which has driven so many satirists; I doubt if she has ever written anything so crushing in its scorn, so blistering in its contempt for humbug as, say, Chesterton's "Chuck it, Smith!" Rather, she is moved by a delighted recognition of the ridiculous, the incongruous and the plainly silly. One might quote as an instance the admirable parody of Carroll's "The Aged Man" entitled "Crackers," which appeared in *The New Statesman and Nation* for October 11 of this year.

Now, for the first time, she appears with a long poem, a piece of extended satire written in Byron's *Don Juan* stanza. She handles it consummately. Her theme is precisely that of incongruity, the incongruity between the present Government as it is and as it existed in the eyes of the Tories in 1945: as a collection of fanatical revolutionaries, the Jacobins of the English Revolution. Her treatment of it is unfailingly witty and carried out with a delightful sense of ease; and so are the drawings by Vicky, of *The News-Chronicle*, that accompany the text. A perfect collaboration, the poet's verses and the artist's illustrations will remain indissolubly wedded in one's mind. One wants to quote; the difficulty is to know where to stop; and quotation, to be effective, needs the drawing that goes with it. Shall it be the Sagittarius-Vicky Mr. Bevin?

A very *Danton*, scowling and satanic,
Subvertor of all social discipline,
Malignant mouthpiece of the mob tyrannic,
Like some huge mountain, all on fire within,
Emitting incandescent flames volcanic—
The lifeblood of the cowering *aristo*
Smells in his nostrils savoury as Bisto.

Or

Morrison, who cracks the three-line whip,
Another *Fouché*, swollen with conceit,
Epitome of mob dictatorship,
Fine flower of the Socialist *élite*,
Browbeating with cold eye and curling lip
The mangled Opposition at his feet,
Flaying the backs of privilege and pride,
Chief Parliamentary liberticide?

Or

Strachey next, straight from the barricade,
Desmoulins of the English Revolution?

Or the fine supercilious

Critic, preaching verities eternal,
The *Diderot* of *Le Nouvel Homme d'Etat?*

But Sagittarius is not merely, or primarily, having fun at the expense of the Tories. For after the Tory hallucination comes the reality. With all the gusto of the mock heroic, Sagittarius traces the course of the Government from its election to the present day. There are the initial dreams of its supporters:

And what a paradise! with all employed,
With industry revived by new inventions,
With staggered leisure annually enjoyed
In Council camps of Butlinesque dimensions,
With vested interests utterly destroyed,
With rising wages, benefits and pensions,
With titbits from the national fleshpottery
Shared out among the joyful *sansculotterie!*

Then the failure in public relations, the frustration:

What though the *sansculottes* share fruits of peace,
Nor fight for crumbs dropped from the rich man's table?
Those strictly rationed fruits show no increase,
Though costs of lower living are kept stable;
And while it is the lack of elbow grease
That makes the people's paradise a fable,
Trade unionists will not unleash their powers
When everything is shorter, but the hours.

And so to the *Keep Left* revolt and (an entrancing drawing this)

The Premier like the monarch of the glen
At bay against antagonists rampageous.

And Sagittarius's conclusions?

The Red Flag hangs above the Whitehall camp,
But folded like a Foreign Office gamp . . . .
So Labour's evolutionary plan
Will in the course of ages be perfectible,
Although the era of the common man
May not for centuries become detectable—
Meanwhile all Socialists in office can
Prove Socialism thoroughly respectable,
And, in due time, make even Revolution,
Like Peers and Pools, a British institution.

It is not, after all, the Tories who are the chief victims of Sagittarius's satire, but the British Labour Party. She has caught perfectly, and with the liveliest and deftest wit, two years of English history. Historians examining our age in the future (always provided there is a future) will find her unflaggingly brilliant satire invaluable.

WILLIAM SALTER

NEW NOVELS

On the Marble Cliffs. By ERNST JUENGER. Trans. by STUART HOOD. *Lehmann.* 7s. 6d.

Worlds Apart. By HESTER W. CHAPMAN. *Secker & Warburg.* 8s. 6d.

Poor Child. By ANNE PARRISH. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

Ernst Juenger's *Auf den Marmorklippen*, now done into English as *On the Marble Cliffs*, was first published in 1939 in Hamburg. The date, the theme and the author's way of expressing it, together with the anticipation of the end of so many Nazi leaders in Braquemart's death by biting a capsule of poison, all tempt one to regard the novel as a parable of the condition of Germany under Hitler. Despite parallels, I doubt whether it can be pegged down to any one topical meaning. For what Juenger is recounting in this remarkable and in my opinion beautiful novel is the breakdown of a civilisation—any civilisation—and the method he uses is akin to that of a dream, a dream of quite extraordinary hallucinatory clarity and lucidity, but with all the dream's layer upon layer of symbolism, its fusion of imagery, its mysterious initial assumptions, its disturbing sense of being more real than waking reality. Thus, the setting is no specific landscape that one may point to on the map of Europe, nor is the period any more closely defined; there is a reference to a car, but battles are fought with two-headed axes and hunting dogs as well as with guns, and the general impression is of the time of the free companies and predatory barons. Juenger exercises the dreamer's privilege of going backwards and forwards in time as he pleases.

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The story opens with a most masterly evocation of an ordered and traditional civilisation, of seasonal rejoicings for the bounty of the grape harvest and the wine-pressing. But this civilisation is already dead when the narrator describes it. Surrounded by steppe and forests, it is threatened and overrun by the forces of the Great Ranger, who is, in Mr. Blunden's words though not at all in his sense, "for the woods against the world." His aim is to see the forests obliterate the vineyards. Thus he corrupts an ancient civilisation:

> He administered fear in small doses which he gradually increased, and which aimed at crippling resistance. The role he played in the disorders which were so finely spun in the heart of his woods was that of a power for order; for while his agents of lower rank, who had established themselves in the clans, fostered anarchy, the initiated penetrated into the civic offices and the magistracy, and there won the reputation of men of deeds who would bring the mob to its senses. Thus the Chief Ranger was like an evil doctor who first encourages the disease so that he may practise on the sufferer the surgery he has in mind.

All these troubles date from the end of an unjust and unsuccessful war in which the narrator has taken part as a professional soldier: "We had done so only to discharge our bounden duty, which was to strike and not to grope after rights and wrongs." Now he is a member of a shadowy order engaged in the study of flowers, "those fleeting coloured signals which in their secret painted script express the unchangeable order of things, and are like timepieces that never fail to tell the hour." "I felt," he says, "that through our studies the power increased to hold at bay the forces of life like a steed on the curb." He is inevitably caught up in the struggle between, as it were, the vineyards and the woods, takes part in the fight with the Chief Ranger's men at Köppels-Bleek, escapes back to his hermitage and thence into exile. Juenger himself never went into exile. . .

Such a crude outline of the novel necessarily leaves out everything that makes it so magical and so disturbing. It leaves out Juenger's own grave, gnomic, pessimistic utterances, suggestive of Yeats, with whose aristocratic ideal the German writer has much in common. It gives no hint of the richness and power of the symbolism, the boy Erio charming the adders, the flaying bench at Köppels-Bleek (to see in which only an oblique reference to Belsen would be to limit a vision of evil all too narrowly to a specific case), the battle between the Chief Ranger's hounds and Belovar's. For the effect of the novel is that of a poem and one suspects that, as with poetry, continued submission to it will lead to the unfolding of layer after layer of meaning. Publisher and translator alike are to be congratulated on having made this work of a European master available to us. Mr. Stuart Hood's translation seems to me excellent.

Admirers of Miss Hester Chapman's work will know that her way of approaching the contemporary scene is not simple. There they are, the figures of the contemporary scene, shallow, frivolous, no better than they ought to be, drinking and fornicating, and there is Miss Chapman stalking them, sizing them up, coolly delivering judgment upon them for all the world like a lady novelist of the nineteenth century. Thus, in *Long Division* the narrating, disapproving "I" might have stepped out of Charlotte Brontë. In *Worlds Apart*, Miss Chapman, writing of intellectuals in London during the war, has taken her stance further back than Miss Brontë: she toes the line with Jane Austen. A word of reassurance is here necessary. To mention Jane Austen in connection with contemporary novelists is usually to suggest coy comedy in country houses, so thoroughly is Miss Austen's astringent genius misunderstood. Miss Chapman has nothing in common with, shall we say, Miss Thirkell. What distinguishes Jane Austen is not that she wrote of provincial ladies and never mentioned the Napoleonic Wars but that, besides a superb sense of form, she combined the most acute observation with self-detachment and an ironical wit which expresses itself in balanced, precise sentences each one of which is an implied moral judgment. It is this style, the tone of voice, that Miss Chapman has taken over in *Worlds Apart*; with at any rate partial success. Her theme is one of the oldest comic themes: the misunderstanding between the old and the young. But here the old is represented by Joan Darrow, a cigar-smoking veteran of the twenties, one is tempted to say the last bright young thing left in London, and the young by her daughter Candace, a girl who pines for all the disciplines that are anathema to her mother. She has dreamed of going, of all places, to Cambridge:

> "Cambridge would have been quite ghastly—you've no idea what sort of life they have to lead."
> "I don't mind being uncomfortable."
>
> Mrs. Darrow opened her gleaming heavy eyes and stared; then she shut them and went on, in an intoning voice, "No baths—no men—no drinks" . . .

It is a most promising situation, and so long as Miss Chapman confines herself to Joan Darrow and her circle she executes it brilliantly. With Mrs. Darrow, Mrs. Flaske the novelist, Geraint Markham the matinee idol, the Cressers, she is unfailingly witty, perceptive and amusing; and she is as successful with the typists in the office where Candace works, achieving in the bottomless inanity of their talk the awful verisimilitude that Henry Green captures in the conversation of his firemen. The failure of the novel lies in the character of Candace, a neurotic girl who escapes from her inadequacy in the present by reading history and identifying herself with the Duke of Monmouth. One doubts whether this kind of character can ever convincingly fit into social comedy. And then, Miss Chapman's method of approaching the present scene with the style of a novelist of a former age means that with the style she has to take over something of the plot. In *Long Division* reality departed when Graham Palgrave came in, for he was a lay figure from the Victorian lady novelist's stock of properties. Similarly, in *Worlds Apart*, reality vanishes when Philippe, Candace's French lover, long lost in the war, arrives in London.

Miss Parrish reverses Miss Chapman's method: she retells a characteristic Victorian story, and that of a not very sophisticated order, with the equipment of a very competent and pretty advanced novelist of to-day. The result is a highbrow tear-jerker. Martin Doyle, a thirteen-year-old boy from the New York slums, who has seen his adored and imbecile baby sister murdered by his mother and himself been rescued from the same fate only after the knife has already descended, is packed off by social workers to live with the wealthy, refined and decadent de Rendons. They are kind to him, superficially affectionate, he would do anything for their love, but he cannot but be aware that he bores them, that he is merely tolerated, that in a way he cannot understand he is quite impossible. The family goes away and Martin is left behind with the butler and his wife, an odious hypocritical couple, to be seduced—as an extra turn of the screw—by the sinister chauffeur and only in the end to be rescued by the pious old Swiss housekeeper whom the butler has supplanted. The action is seen through the boy's eyes, and the characterisation is most subtle; but the novel is flawed from beginning to end by a sentimental sadism.

WALTER ALLEN

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BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES

Captains and Kings. By OLIVER WARNER. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Twenty-two short biographical essays are combined in this little book to give the general reader a glimpse up the side lanes of history. Mr. Warner shuns the beaten track in his researches. His favourite subject is some old admiral or general, distinguished enough in his day, but now fast falling into oblivion. Lord Hawke, Cornwallis, General Dyott, Sir Richard Stayner, Hicks Pasha, Kempenfelt, fight their battles over again to a sympathetic running commentary. When approaching more famous characters, such as Cromwell, Byron and Charles I, Mr. Warner takes a snapshot at an unusual angle. Charles I is shown at his wayside meeting with Harrison, the man whom he suspected of plotting his assassination. "His aspect was good," was the King's comment, "not such a one as was represented." Byron appears swimming the Hellespont, and failing at the first attempt. "He looked as cold as charity, and as white as snow," records the naval officer who watched him climb into the boat. "His look was that of an angry, disappointed girl, and his upper lip curled, like that of a passionate woman."

The strange misadventures that befell the heads of Cromwell and Charles I furnish one of the most entertaining essays in the book. Cromwell's embalmed head was stuck on a pole at the Restoration and hung up at one end of Westminster Hall. There it remained for over twenty years until it was blown down in a great storm; when a sentry picked it up and hid it in a chimney. Years later the sentry's daughter sold it as a curiosity. In 1787 it was sold again, and soon after was on exhibition in Bond Street at a charge of half a crown. In 1813 it was being offered for sale to the proprietor of Bullock's Museum. By an odd coincidence it was in 1813 that the Prince Regent ordered the opening of Charles I's coffin in the vaults of St. George's Chapel at Windsor to gratify his curiosity: King Charles's head was to share the fate of Cromwell's. The Regent insisted on removing the wrappings so that he could look at the face; the carpenter fumbled; and the head fell and rolled away on the floor. Before it was returned to the coffin Sir Henry Halford, the Royal physician, managed to pocket one of the vertebrae severed by the axe, which he afterwards used to hand round at dinner parties.

Mr. Warner writes in a plain, unvarnished style well suited to his purpose. "Things greater are in less contained" is his motto, taken from Marvell. Great events in history may be decided by the strength or infirmity of one ordinary human being at a moment of trial, and it is in ordinary men placed in remarkable situations that Mr. Warner wishes to interest us. Many readers may be encouraged, as he hopes, by his unassuming essays to explore further into the fascinating recesses of the past.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

GEORGE SAND

The Other George Sand. MAURICE TOESCA. *Dennis Dobson.* 7s. 6d.

"She catches her butterfly and tames it in her cage by feeding it on flowers and nectar—this is the love period. Then she sticks her pin into it whenever it struggles—this is the congé, and it always comes from her. Afterwards she vivisects it, mounts it, and adds it to her collection of heroes for novels." M. Toesca does not quote these words of Liszt, but it is this indictment of George Sand that he has undertaken to answer.

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century the woes of these human lepidoptera had been temporarily forgotten. Matthew Arnold and Henry James held the field as champions of George Sand, though Swinburne made no secret of his hilarious inability to feel chivalry for an authoress in trousers. Since then her novels have fallen into oblivion, and her name has rarely appeared in serious criticism. As the generation of those who thought of her as a highly respectable old lady of genius died out, so the legend revived of the harpy, the enemy of promise who helped Musset and Chopin to their ruin, in fact the villainess of the worst film one has ever seen. Like other literary myths of the last century (the effeminacy of Keats, Shelley's atheism, Poe's degeneracy, Baudelaire's satanism, this is nurtured by its superficies of truth) and thrives during the period before criticism completes its task of rehabilitation. The critic's duty, long since performed towards the others, with George Sand has been improperly postponed. We are still in the era of partisanship, when there ought to be no question of her literary and moral greatness, when she should be established as the admiration and lifelong pleasure of every literate reader, as a novelist's novelist along with Balzac and Flaubert.

The standard biography, the very elements of informed criticism of George Sand, have yet to be written. Meanwhile this recent French life has filled one of the remaining gaps and will be of value to the present reader and future critic. Maurice Toesca, a novelist who has not previously entered the field of biography, has diligently collected existing records from the letters and memoirs of George Sand and her contemporaries, together with much new material in the possession of her surviving granddaughter, concerning her maternal relationship with her son Maurice. This is a biography *à thèse*, and other aspects of her life are studiously soft-pedalled, a justifiable method when similarly limited studies of George Sand as feminist, socialist or vampire need to be offset. M. Toesca's work is valuable then more as a source book, as a corrective which itself needs careful checking, than as a sole guide. He has a talent for following a thread, he knows how to evoke the idyllic atmosphere of Nohant and the Berry, and he has an eye for convincing evidence. One deprecates the more his un-French weakness in logic, for his argument is, briefly, "Just the place for a Snark, I have told you thrice; what I tell you three times is true"—and the reader was already willing to believe. The book has illuminating portraits of Mme. Sand's middle age by the great Nadar, that Cortes of photography—when shall we see an anthology of his work?—to which it is interesting to compare the exquisitely pretty early sketches by Musset, one of which is included. The translation is adequate.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

The Changing Nation. *Contact Publications Ltd.* 5s.

With this latest volume Contact may be said to have arrived. The matter of Contact books has always been good, but it has taken time to pare down the extravagances of the early production to the limits required by a reader who likes to know whether he is reading an article or an advertisement. The make-up and illustrations of the present book are charming as an aid to reading, and the articles conform in their choice to a general theme pattern. Almost all the studies of different aspects of changing Britain—London, the countryside, suburbia, the coastline—and the way in which the population is affected by post-war conditions—in the Potteries, South Wales, in Stevenage, and in marital relations—are all serious as well as readable. There is also a portrait sketch of Arthur Horner, a study of H. G. Wells by Peter Quennell and of the German University at Wilton Park by Patrick Gordon-Walker. Amongst the other contributors we note the names of Professor

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Mitrany and Harold Nicolson, and discussions on British foreign policy and attitude to public relations in which Robert Fraser, Frank Owen, R. H. S. Crossman and the editor of this paper take part.

Wartime Shipyard. By KATHERINE ARCHIBALD. *Cambridge University Press.* 12s. 6d.

The unity of the "working class" as a class has frequently in the last hundred years been demonstrated in print. Miss Archibald is an American progressive who swallowed the doctrine at one easy draught until she became a worker in a shipyard during the war. She has drawn on her experience to produce a most interesting study of the *disunity* of the working class and the factors making for it. The American scene is, of course, peculiarly rich in suitable projection figures for the fears and hates that coruscate in the mass mind. They have not only the Jew to execrate but also the Negro and, in California where the shipyard of which she is writing was situated, the Oakies, the less educated immigrants from the Southern States. After examining the various racial and economic causes of disunity Miss Archibald sums up with the fruitful suggestion that the shipyard workers were too circumscribed by the family pattern. It was the only pattern of association they knew and they could not transcend it. Hence their generosity to one another and hence, too, the narrowness of their sympathies. The family is the foundation of civilisation, as the moralists tell us—as if they were uttering anything more than a platitude. The quality of a civilization must depend, first, on the quality of the family life, and, secondly, on the ability to transcend its limitations in associations which demand wider and more stable loyalties.

Week-end Competitions

No. 923

Set by John Cauliflower

The usual prizes are offered for a poem entitled *A Peer's Lament* on the proposal to limit the powers of the House of Lords. Length 12 lines. Entries by November 11.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 920

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for a set of 2 riddles (with answers), the first political, the second literary, in verse or prose.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

A nostalgic whiff of childhood brought this competition to mind—the ingenuities of the childish wit that found resemblances among the furthest disparities in the far-off Playbox Annual (why is a naughty school boy like an engine: Because both have a tender behind). But riddle does cover a very wide range and ingenuity occurred in plenty from H. A. C. Evans's diabolical acrostics to Hassall Pitman's simplicities:

What good advice would people give
In telling Strachey how to live?
Scanning the alphabet they'd choose
To bid him mind his peas and queues.

or A. Westlake's two politicals:

Why can no party ever solve the fuel problem?
Because you can fuel all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time. But you can't fuel all of the people all of the time.

And:

What must a modern political tipster study?
Past form, current form, and comin' form.

Among those which could really test the ingenuity of the answerer, Richard Pomphrey, Allan M. Laing, R. Fell, Terence Melican sent in good verses, but in each case only one was good enough. I recommend two guineas to Joyce Johnson: a guinea each to the succeeding three, and to H. A. C. Evans for his acrostics. An extra guinea is offered for the first solution opened on Nov. 3rd to the literary half.

Some hidden spot one would have reckoned
The usual place where first was second;
And yet how public was the role
Once undertaken by the whole,
Who, spite of autocratic start,
Revealed, enchained, a yellow heart.

Answer: Chamberlain

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What author's name provided the remark made by the oldest inhabitant on finding a certain gay plumaged bird chattering in the village church pulpit?

Answer: Prie:tley JOYCE JOHNSON

I am concerned with victories
Although I carry weight.
The total in my surname is
One letter over eight.
Though down a holy aisle I wend,
I grieve to say my latter end
Is in a parlous state.

Answer: Wins-ton Church-ill.

First when a bell was heard to boom,
And first when buds burst into bloom,
'Twas heard at last when Byron's nib
Destroyed in rhyme Sennacherib,
And first and last again you'll track it
When there's a blurb upon the jacket.

Answer: The letter "b" WILLY TADPOLE

Perhaps he turns; he stands; he sits;
Some even say that then he lies;
He may perhaps be seen to kneel,
Yet all the time he seeks to rise!

Answer: An M.P.

Although in black and white it's seen
Some seem to think it's brilliant red;
When being made there's much of blue;
It's quite composed when put to bed!
Colourless? Never! One would think
In these grey times it's in the pink!

Answer: *The New Statesman and Nation.*
H. S. MURRAY

Why is my wireless set like Winston Churchill? Because it was an expensive model, served me well during the war, but now emits little but groans and crackles.

Why is Wordsworth like Woolworth? Because both display more than you want, but will provide just what you need. D. H.

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1. The Prig's three parts of Oratory, this.
2. When this one mounts a horse, he ain't no Sis!
3. In Paris, lady? Then you have been warned!
4. By earthworks and Cathedral 'tis adorned.
5. If you were this, you'd wear a flowing dress.
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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

CENTRAL Office of Information. Applics. invited for two positions of Senior Research Officer with the Social Survey Division. Applicants should have a high standard of statistical knowledge and some exp. in supervision and control of subordinate staff. In addition a good academic record with 1st or 2nd class honours degree in Psychology, Anthropology, or Sociology is desirable. Extensive exp. of Social Research work either academically or for Government purposes, and a direct first-hand exp. of field surveys for social research purposes essential. Salary, £1,000 to £1,160 (men), £830 to £985 (women). Applics., giving full information and quoting G.471/47A, should be addressed to Ministry of Labour and Natl. Service, Appointments Dept., Technical and Scientific Register, Room 669, York House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, by Nov. 10, 1947. 10A25 (15).

CIVIL Service Commissioners, at the request of the Government of N. Ireland, invite applics. for a few vacancies in the Administrative Class of the Northern Ireland Service to be filled in 1948 by Open Competitive examination under Normal Regulations. The examination will be held in London concurrently with that for the Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service, and candidates may compete by Method I, which will be held between mid-June and end of July, 1948, or by Method II, which will begin on Jan. 6, 1948. For Method II candidates must have taken, or must obtain in 1948, a degree with at least 2nd Class hons., but this will be waived for certain candidates who have had regular service in H.M. Forces. Age limits are 20]-24 on August 1, 1948, with extension for regular service in His Majesty's Forces, but exceptionally candidates born on or after August 2, 1915, may be admitted for Method I. Full partics. and Application Forms can be obtained by writing (pref. on a postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 9812/N in the top left-hand corner of postcard or envelope and in any letter. Forms must be returned in time for delivery by November 5, 1947, for Method II, or by February 28, 1948, for Method I.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Applics. invited for appointment to post of Lecturer in Depts. of Social Studies and Extra-Mural Studies at sal. of £550, rising by £25 annually to £900 p.a. Lecturer will be reqd. to share his time between internal and extra-mural teaching in Social Science. Previous exp. of Extension Lecture work an adv. Applics. should reach the Registrar, University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further partics. obtainable), by Nov. 10.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Film Negative Cutter in the Newsreel Section of Television Service. Candidates must be expd. in matching and cutting negative picture and tracks. Salary £7 4s. p.w., non-incremental. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Film Cutter, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applics. from men for post of Assistant Film Librarian (News), Television Service. Assistant Film Librarian will be required to organise and maintain a film library. Duties of the post will include the indexing and cataloguing of picture and sound film. A general knowledge of cutting room work will be regarded as a desirable qualification. Salary £6 5s. p.w., non-incremental. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Film Librarian N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applics. from men for post of Assistant Film Recordist in the Television Service. Applicants must be conversant with the operation of sound-on-film recording systems and have had exp. of microphone placing. Salary is on a grade rising by annual increments of £20 to a max. of £475 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Assistant Recordist N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement enclose s.a.e.

LECTURERS reqd., men and women, pref. with teaching exp. and with degree, for speaking in schools on the humane treatment of animals. Sal. according to the Burnham scale. Candidates must be under 35 years of age, and be prepared to travel about the country. Contributory pension scheme. Apply by letter only to "Lecturer," R.S.P.C.A., 105 Jermyn St. S.W.1.

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Appointments Vacant—continued

B.B.C. invites applics. from men for posts of Film Recordists (News) in the Television Service. Film Recordists (News) will work under the supervision of the Senior Film Recordist and must be expd. in the operation of sound-on-film recording systems. Applicants should possess a knowledge of film amplifiers and be able to trace and rectify faults on location. Salary is on a grade rising by annual increments of £30 to a max. of £680 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Recordists (News) N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applics. from men for post of Assistant Film Editor, in the Television Service. Applicants should have a good general knowledge of film editing and be experienced in synchronising picture and sound in the preparation of cutting copies for re-recording. Creative ability and good story-sense are desirable qualifics. Salary is on a grade rising by annual increments of £30 to a max. of £475 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Film Editor, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement enclose s.a.e.

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